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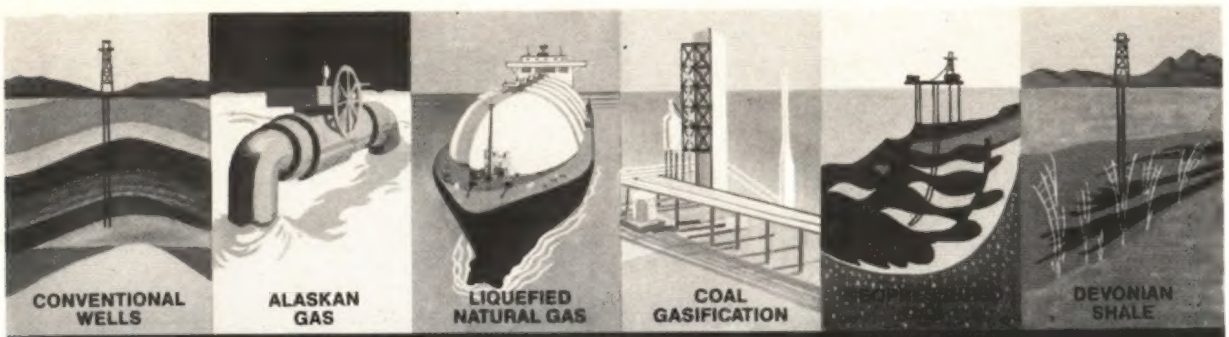

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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

A Letter from the Publisher

Rarely has a new year begun with such a fast-developing and important story. Even before the holiday season ended last week, it was clear that the flow of Soviet troops into Afghanistan would deeply affect the course of Soviet-American relations, and thus call for TIME's first breaking news cover of 1980.

New Year's Day had hardly ended when Senior Editor Otto Friedrich met with the Nation section staff to plan this issue's 17-page series of stories, the main narrative of which was written by Associate Editor Burton Pines. Says Friedrich: "We simply hit the ground running this year." TIME correspondents on three continents were already pursuing various aspects of the story.

The Hong Kong bureau's David DeVoss last visited Afghanistan in September to report on its rocky transition to socialism. But this time, when he tried to drive in from Pakistan, he found the border closed tight. Nonetheless, he was able to get a perspective on developments inside Afghanistan by talking to Afghan rebel warriors near Peshawar and at Dara Adam Khail, a wide-open frontier town that, says DeVoss, "supplies the *sine qua non* of many an Afghan's wardrobe —guns." New Delhi Bureau Chief Marcia Gauger, whose experience with Muslim militance includes being besieged with 90 others at the burning U.S. embassy in Pakistan in November, managed to reach Kabul aboard a regular flight. Yet her stay was brief: at the airport, which she found to be "a veritable garrison," she and other arriving journalists were held for seven hours before being deported on another flight. But Hubert Van Es, a Dutch photographer on assignment for TIME, managed to prolong his stay. Though he was placed under guard, he was still able to slip away and sneak a few fast photographs after simply refusing to leave the country on a departing plane. His pictures and impressions of the occupied capital appear in the cover section.

SMOLAN—CONTACT

DeVoss with Afghan militiamen

In Washington, Correspondents Christopher Ogden and Gregory Wierzynski interviewed Zbigniew Brzezinski and other top officials, while Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott contributed an assessment of the future of SALT. From Moscow, Bureau Chief Bruce Nelan reported on the state of détente as seen from the Soviet vantage. One index of Soviet-American relations, he finds, is the degree of difficulty that journalists in Moscow have in reaching sources. Reports Nelan: "Officials are still willing to open their doors to U.S. newsmen, but if relations really freeze over, we could be out in the cold." But so far, Moscow has been a hot beat in 1980.

John a. Meyer

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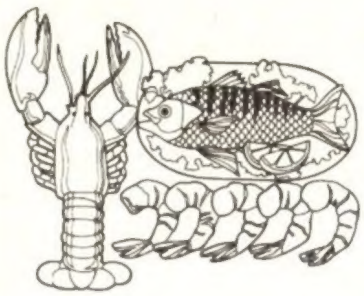

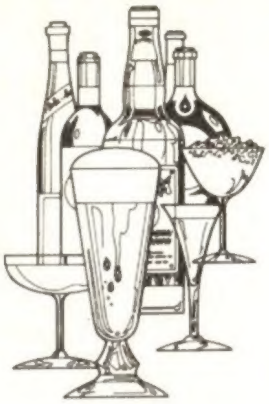

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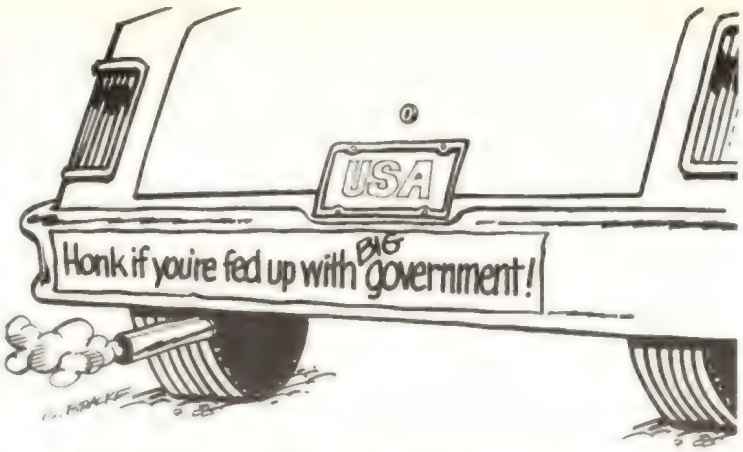

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MILTON FRIEDMAN WARNS OF THE DANGERS OF BIG GOVERNMENT

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Letters

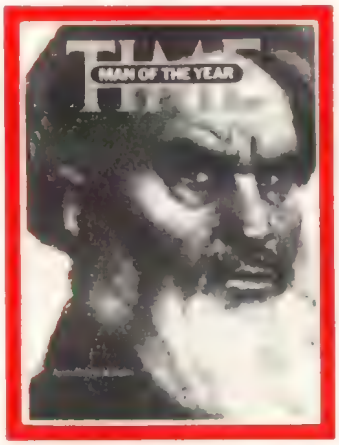
Man of the Year

To the Editors:

We are totally disgusted with TIME's choice for Man of the Year [Jan. 7]. Certainly, the Ayatullah Khomeini has done much in the past year to change the course of history, but why should TIME give additional publicity to this fanatic? It's time that the media started concentrating on those members of society who struggle to bring about positive changes.

Kathryn and Michael Degman
Yonkers, N.Y.

TIME *has always defined the Man of the Year as the person who most affected the news "for better or for worse." It did so when it named Adolf Hitler in 1938, and it did so when it selected Ayatullah Khomeini last week. In all our coverage of the hostage crisis, and in the Man of the Year cover story itself,* TIME *made amply clear how it regarded Khomeini. But the Man of the Year has never been restricted to a person* TIME *wished to praise. Khomeini obviously dominated the news more than anyone else—"for worse." The magazine's definition of Man of the Year has not changed.*



Naming Khomeini Man of the Year encourages retention of the hostages and other acts of international terrorism.

(Mrs.) Augusta T. Mullins
New Orleans

Your decision to make Khomeini the Man of the Year is an insult to the people of the U.S. and to the hostages.

Edward and Elizabeth Ames
Palm Desert, Calif.

The title of Man of the Year for that diabolical Iranian Rasputin is insane.

Nancy Husos
Newburgh, N.Y.

We are appalled at your insensitivity and lack of judgment in the choice of Ayatullah Khomeini as Man of the Year.

Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth J. Barth
Eggertsville, N.Y.

The Ayatullah Khomeini is your Man of the Year? This amounts to treason while our men are still captive.

Katharine Wulfeck
Palm Beach Shores, Fla.

Naming Khomeini as Man of the Year is a slap in the face to every American citizen, the families of the hostages and the hostages themselves.

Dianne Gawne
Amarillo, Texas

It was with utter disbelief and complete dismay that we heard the announcement that your magazine had named Ayatullah Khomeini Man of the Year. Your reasoning that he did most to shape the world "for better or worse" is not only appalling but disgusting.

James and Debra Peebles
Glendale, Mo.

Cool America

"The Cooling of America" [Dec. 24] chilled me so much that I put on an undershirt and a sweater and resolved to dig out my flannel pajamas and get a blanket for the bed. If you send any more issues like that to Hawaii, I may have to close the windows.

John F. Mulholland
Honolulu

If the American public would realize that warmer in summer and cooler in winter is healthier and more natural, maybe we all would be able to make ends meet.

Mary B. Stevenson
Ardsley-on-Hudson, N.Y.

Some of us mossbacks are bored with the burbling about our solar future. We aren't going to get there without electricity for mining, processing and manufacturing the material for solar equipment. And we aren't going to have enough electricity without nuclear power. And we aren't going to have nuclear power if we persist in unrealistic expectations from conservation and solar power.

R. Murray Campbell
Cohasset, Mass.

What ever happened to the old New England practice of bundling? Now there was a custom for you: fuel saving, compact and fun.

Armand E. Singer
Morgantown, W. Va.

Bundling as defined by Webster's: an unmarried couple's occupying the same bed without undressing, esp. during courtship.

Gas Tax Fiddling

Senators, stop fiddling (and politicking) while Rome is running out of oil [Dec. 17]! For Jove's sake, act promptly and responsibly on our energy problem.

Edward F. Vonderahe
Gloversville, N.Y.

Tax gasoline at 50¢ per gal. and use all the $50 billion for the production of synthetic fuels. The subsidy could well double the domestic supply of liquid fuels in ten years. With that, and with more fuel-efficient cars, we would say goodbye forever to OPEC! Please, let's not piddle away the tax on relief of Social Security taxes or any other pet scheme of Congress's. This tax must be used only to buy energy independence.

Don R. Meier
Morristown, Tenn.

A 50¢-per-gal. tax on gasoline? Hogwash. What we need is a $1-per-gal. tax, applied at the retail level only, with the resulting revenues directed exclusively toward development of mass transit and new energy sources.

Marshall Smith
Denton, Texas

Analyzing Los Alamos

Certainly no city in this nation could be, or is, as morally shallow as your article portrays Los Alamos [Dec. 10]. As Governor of the great state of New Mexico, I am proud of the citizens we have, including the people who are employed at Los Alamos Scientific Laboratories. Los Alamos scientists have been instrumental in the development of medical, nuclear, solar, laser and computer applications that have played a key role in our nation's technical achievements. The author's analysis of Los Alamos ignores the positive aspects of many fine individuals who make up this outstanding community.

Bruce King, Governor
Santa Fe, N. Mex.

You have shown us in only one dimension. It is my contention that for every "bomb designed" you will find a potential solution to an energy problem; for every "crackpot" you will find a good friend; for every "racial slur" you will find a rewarding cultural exchange; for every high school "loadie" you will find a National Merit Scholar; for every teen-age beer bust you will find a complete absence of major crime; and for every "psychologically abused child" you will find many who are hugged like Teddy bears.

Gordon Spingler
Los Alamos, N. Mex.

I was a teacher at Los Alamos High School for two years, and I have never read a more accurate description of a city.

Lawrence A. Starr
Traverse City, Mich.

Panic at a Rock Concert

The worst memory of my life is of the day I attended a general-admission rock concert at a stadium that held 75,000 people but admitted 150,000. As the af-

Kings. 11 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; 100's, 12 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method
Feel the taste of "Menthol Mist."™
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We think of it
as a 1,000-foot vote
of confidence in
our future.
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Longer than the largest ocean liner, U. S. Steel's newest ore boat, the *Edwin H. Gott,* is another example of our commitment to making steel more efficiently—and staying competitive with foreign steelmakers.

In the last ten years, U. S. Steel has spent more than $6 billion on projects like the transformation of our steelmaking facilities from less efficient open hearths to new, more productive Basic Oxygen or Q-BOP furnaces.

These advanced facilities demand tremendous amounts of raw materials year-round. To help keep pace, the *Gott* (and a sister ship now under construction) will transport vast quantities of iron ore pellets from our taconite processing plant in Minnesota—where major investments have boosted output almost 50%.

New facilities like these help improve the productivity of United States Steel as well as our country. Our new ship can carry up to 3,000,000 tons of pellets annually, in contrast to an old economically-obsolete ship, which could transport only around 450,000 tons per year.

But vast amounts of capital are required for this kind of improvement. We believe that our government must act to encourage capital formation, so that private industry can continue to make improvements and create more long-lasting jobs.

Confidence. It's one of our strengths.

USS

TRADEMARK

United States Steel, 600 Grant St., Pittsburgh, PA 15230

Letters

ternoon wore on, the crowd inside became uncontrollable. Walking back from the rest rooms, I tried in vain to return to my friends. I found myself unable to touch the ground, and swaying with the people pushed up next to me. Suddenly, I could not get any air. As hard as I tried, I could not get one breath in me. I became panic-stricken. People helped me, but I would not re-enter the stands, and I will never again attend a general-admission concert.

When the eleven people died at the Who concert [Dec. 17], I remembered how awful my own experience was, and all I could do was cry.

Teresa Kondrup
Freehold, N.J.

Intellectual Skills

In "Getting Testy" [Nov. 26], Ralph Nader and others opposed to testing were cited as critical of intelligence testing, the overuse of test scores and Educational Testing Service: three birds with one stone.

These birds do not flock together. E.T.S. does not "define intelligence," nor is it a "regulator of the human mind," as Nader contends. Indeed, E.T.S. does not develop or give intelligence tests such as those illustrated in the article. Tests of scholastic aptitude, which E.T.S. does develop, measure mathematical and verbal abilities developed through years of schooling and life experience. They are used simply because they present a fair sample of the intellectual skills students need in college. E.T.S. agrees that the scores should not be used to the exclusion of other information. That does not mean they should not be used at all.

William W. Turnbull
President, Educational Testing Service
Princeton, N.J.

Arms and the Man

If you look very closely at the photograph of the captured mosque invader [Dec. 17] you will see that his arms are not tied behind his back—they have been cut off!

Eloise Fox
Kensington, Calif.

Other pictures of the same prisoner clearly show his arms tied behind his back.

Genuine Spines

You gave glowing reviews of several Abrams artbooks, for which we are most grateful [Dec. 10]. Your reviewer makes one unfortunate comment when he refers to *Vasari's Lives of the Most Eminent Painters, Sculptors and Architects* in the boxed edition as having "spines of imitation leather" and suggests that "real cloth would have been classier." The fact is that the spines of these books are indeed genuine leather.

Newton K. Pincus
Senior Vice President
Harry N. Abrams Inc.
New York City

He Who Tries

Hugh Sidey's article "A New Kind of Crisismonger" [Dec. 10] doesn't square with key reporters on the scene, such as Eric Rouleau of *Le Monde* who said, "Republican Congressman George Hansen has succeeded in painting a different picture of the U.S.—so widely reviled—without ever making a concession on the fundamental elements of the conflict between his country and the Islamic Republic."

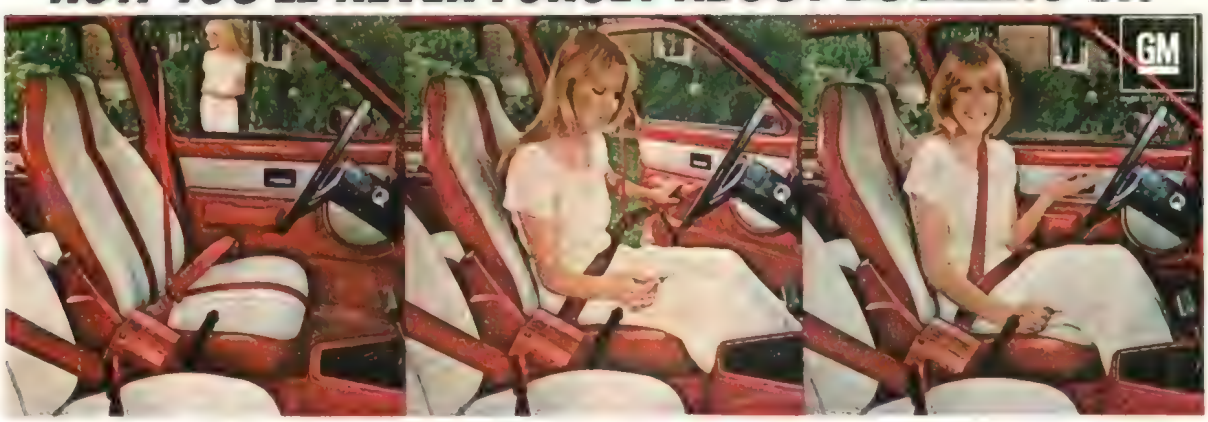
Upon my return, the State Department "pros" came to ask the "amateur," "How in the world did you get in?" I believe those who care enough to try—really try—succeed.

George Hansen
Representative, 2nd District, Idaho
Washington, D.C.

Rep. Hansen wrote this letter before setting off again to Tehran.

Address Letters to TIME, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020

NOW YOU'LL NEVER FORGET ABOUT BUCKLING UP.



A new available automatic seat and shoulder belt system does it for you in the 1980 Chevy Chevette.

Remember how Mom used to remind you *and* remind you to wear your boots in the rain? You knew you should. But still you forgot them.

Well, that same kind of thing happens with seat belts.

And that's the reason Chevy Chevette announces an available automatic seat and shoulder belt system (not available on Chevette Scooter). You can't forget it because there's nothing to remember. Just open the door and the seat and shoulder belts swing out. Hop in, close the door, and the belts are securely in position. All by themselves.

See your Chevy dealer about the 1980 Chevette's automatic seat and shoulder belt system. Then you'll never forget about buckling up. But you still might forget your boots.

1980 Chevy Chevette

A lot of car for the money.

Chevrolet

A COMPUTER ISN'T SMART ENOUGH TO MAKE A MISTAKE.

To err is human.

But when human error passes through a computer, it's usually the computer that takes the rap.

Someone gets an incorrect bill and says, "The dumb computer messed it up."

They're half right.

Computers are dumb.

Fast and efficient and dumb.

No computer ever had an idea.

Computers are tools. And like any tools, they can only do what people tell them to do.

That's why IBM invests more time and money in programming development than in any other area. Devising new programming language to help people communicate better with computers.

Our effort is paying off.

Today, as more people use computers, errors are simpler to prevent, and easier to set right.

The future looks even brighter.

Someday we expect using a computer to be as common as driving a car. So we're working hard to make computers easier to steer.

IBM

COVER STORIES

"My Opinion of the Russians Has

So saying, Carter angrily halts grain sales and postpones SALT in a series of

It was as though a time warp had plunged the world back into an earlier and more dangerous era. Soviet divisions had swarmed across the border of a neighboring country and turned it into a new satellite. Moscow and Washington were exchanging very angry words. Jimmy Carter accused Soviet Communist Party Chief Leonid Brezhnev of lying, and the Soviets' TASS press agency shot back that Carter's statements were "bellicose and wicked." For Carter, the rapid series of events in Afghanistan seemed to provide a remarkable kind of revelation. Said he, sounding strikingly naive in an ABC television interview: "My opinion of the Russians has changed most drastically in the last week [more] than even in the previous 2½ years before that." He added that it was "imperative" that "the leaders of the world make it clear to the Soviets that they cannot have taken this action to violate world peace . . . without paying severe political consequences."

What those consequences might be was the subject of week-long strategy sessions, and then on Friday night Carter set forth his response to the bold Soviet challenge. Appearing for 13 minutes on nationwide television, he delivered the toughest speech of his presidency. Warned Carter: "Aggression unopposed becomes a contagious disease." He denounced the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan as "a deliberate effort by a powerful atheistic government to subjugate an independent Islamic people" and said that a "Soviet-occupied Afghanistan threatens both Iran and Pakistan and is a stepping-stone to their possible control over much of the world's oil supplies."

Carter then announced that he was sharply cutting the sale to the Soviets of two kinds of goods they desperately need: grain and advanced technology. Contracts for 17 million tons of grain, worth $2 billion, are being canceled. Soviet fishing privileges in American waters are also being severely curtailed, as are new cultural exchange programs; Carter further hinted that the U.S. might boycott this summer's Moscow Olympics. To shore up Afghanistan's neighbors, Carter said that the U.S. "along with other countries will provide military equipment, food and other assistance" to help Pakistan defend its independence.

These actions were only the latest in an escalating series of retaliatory moves. Carter officially requested the Senate to postpone any further consideration of the U.S.-Soviet treaty to limit strategic arms, once the chief symbol of superpower détente. The U.S. and nearly 50 other countries then called for an emergency session of the U.N. Security Council to condemn the latest Soviet aggression. That meeting convened on Saturday. And the U.S. summoned Ambassador Thomas J. Watson Jr. home from Moscow for consultations. (Not even during the crisis triggered by the Soviet invasions of Hungary in 1956 and of Czechoslovakia in 1968 was the American ambassador recalled from Moscow.)

Had a new cold war erupted between the U.S. and the Soviet Union? Not quite. At least not yet. But it seemed certain that the policy known as détente, which stressed cooperation between the two competing nuclear giants, had not survived the 1970s

Soviet Leader Leonid Brezhnev gestures to Defense Minister Dmitri Ustinov while watching a Red Square parade last November

Changed Most Drastically . . ."

retaliations against the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan

The events of last week stood also as a grim reminder that it is not the American hostages in Iran that are the central object of U.S. foreign policy, but rather the potentially life-and-death relationship with the Soviet Union.

Afghanistan was an odd and remote focal point for such a U.S.-Soviet crisis. The snow-swept, mountainous land has few natural resources, and its Muslim tribesmen are more than 90% illiterate. Yet it was here that the Soviets chose to do something they had not done since World War II: in a blitzkrieg involving an estimated 50,000 soldiers, supported by tanks and helicopter gunships, the Soviet army crashed across the Afghan border to take control of a country that had not been a member of the Soviet bloc. By forcefully expanding its international sphere of direct control, the Kremlin in effect had violated a fundamental ground rule of East-West relations. In a meeting with his top aides, Carter said sternly that the Soviet invasion is "a quantum jump in the nature of Soviet behavior. And if they get through this with relative political and economic impunity, it will have serious consequences on the world in years to come."

The finale of 1979 Vienna summit

If not a cold war, then maybe a hot peace.

In an attempt to mobilize a broad international condemnation of the Soviet action, the President telephoned half a dozen foreign leaders and cabled about 25 others, stressing to them how gravely the U.S. viewed the matter.

The U.S. made a special effort to rally the NATO allies. Deputy Secretary of State Warren Christopher flew to London to meet with high-ranking British, West German, French, Italian and Canadian diplomats, then on to a New Year's Day emergency meeting at NATO headquarters in Brussels. The NATO allies agreed to review thoroughly their relations with the Soviet Union and to find ways to back countries near Afghanistan, particularly Pakistan, which is not only frightened by the increased proximity of Soviet army units but is also deeply troubled by the mounting chaos in neighboring Iran. They also decided to solicit support from Third World states for a U.N. declaration against Moscow. The U.S. received the strongest support from the British; Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher

has been taking a tough anti-Soviet stand since coming to office last year. Though the French were less firm, a French diplomat later said, "Like the U.S., we feel strongly that Soviet intervention in Afghanistan is wrong."

One of the fundamental questions was why the Soviets had suddenly torn the fabric of U.S.-Soviet relations and international order by such an undisguised invasion. Moscow had its own rationale. According to the Soviet-government daily *Izvestia*, the U.S.S.R.'s troops had saved Afghanistan from being subverted by the CIA and turned into an American base. Other Soviet versions said the U.S. had teamed up with Pakistan, China and Egypt to carry out "primarily anti-Soviet designs." They described leftist President Hafizullah Amin, who was executed four days after the Soviet invasion began, as a tyrant working for the CIA.

When Carter used his hot line to send Brezhnev a tough protest about the invasion on Dec. 28, the Communist leader claimed that the Soviets had been invited by President Amin to protect the nation from an unnamed outside threat. It was this lame explanation that an infuriated Carter later denounced as "completely inadequate and completely misleading." Indeed, the Administration was acquiring evidence that the Soviets had masterminded the entire coup that had led to the crisis (*see following story*)

The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan was condemned not only by Western leaders but by numbers of Third World countries, including Egypt, Tunisia and the Sudan. The Saudi Arabia–based Islamic World League declared that "the Communist aggression aims at eliminating the Muslim presence in Afghanistan. In Turkey, which has been plagued by mounting economic problems and political instability (*see* WORLD), military leaders alluded to the Afghanistan crisis when they warned rival civilian politicians to start working together or face overthrow.

Even Iran's fanatical leaders denounced the Soviet invasion. During an audience with the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini, Soviet Ambassador to Iran Vladimir Vinogradov tried to explain that his country had moved in Afghanistan against CIA and Zionist agents—two specters that Khomeini himself routinely invokes to justify his own actions. But the Soviet apparently got nowhere. A member of Iran's clerical establishment later said that the Ayatullah sharply told the envoy that "Brezhnev was stepping into the Shah's shoes and was heading for the same catastrophe that befell the ex-dictator. He said that the Soviets would come to grief if they remained in Afghanistan."

If anyone in the Administration could have smiled during last week's crisis, it was National Security Adviser Zbigniew Brzezinski, who has long been trying to get Carter to take a tougher stance toward the Soviets, and who has long been paying particular attention to Afghanistan. Since July, he has regarded the leftist Afghanistan regime as vulnerable to the Muslim insurgents, and he has even enjoyed hinting, without saying so, that the U.S. might covertly aid those insurgents. To reporters and other visitors, he would recite statistics from secret cables that littered his desk. He could tick off the casualties the Soviets were suffering and would detail the number of coffins flown in to remove the dead.

Nor was Brzezinski alone. U.S. intelligence knew that Moscow had sent huge shipments of tanks, artillery and other weapons to the Kabul regime but that this failed to stop the rebellion, and that by midsummer the Afghan army had begun to crumble. Desertions cut it from a high of about 150,000 men to about 50,000. U.S. intelligence knew that Moscow sent a high-level military delegation to Kabul in August, headed by General Ivan Pavlovsky, chief of Soviet ground forces. U.S. intelligence knew that Pavlovsky reported after a two-month study that Afghanistan was falling apart and that the Soviet army could restore order quickly.

Nor was Brzezinski alone in arguing that the idea of détente would not prevent the Soviets from acting aggressively to maintain what they regard as their national interests. Other hard-liners within the Administration argue that the U.S.S.R. has repeatedly violated détente's main charter, the "Basic Principles of Relations" between the U.S. and U.S.S.R., signed by Richard Nixon and Leonid Brezhnev at their Moscow summit in May of 1972. This communiqué stated that the two superpowers "will always exercise restraint in their mutual relations" and that "efforts to obtain unilateral advantage at the expense of the other, directly or indirectly, are inconsistent with these objectives."

It would be difficult to reconcile this pledge with Moscow's ferrying of 6,000 Cuban troops to Angola in 1975 and its shipment of thousands of military "advisers" and enormous quantities of weapons to Ethiopia three years later. During the final months of the Shah's reign in Iran, moreover, Persian-language broadcasts beamed at Iran from inside the U.S.S.R. were inflaming an already tense situation by charging, among other things, that "the dangers facing the Iranian people are coming" from the U.S.

In reviewing these and other Soviet actions, a report released by Washington's Brookings Institution this fall concluded that "the significance of Soviet armed forces as a tool of diplomacy has loomed larger." Harvard Political Scien-

Meeting with the National Security Council, Carter is flanked by Secretary of State Vance (left) and Pentagon Chief Brown

In the search for a policy, an aide admitted: "We don't have any trump card that will force the Russians out of Afghanistan."

tist Samuel Huntington agrees, noting that "détente has been dying for a very long time. What we are witnessing now is the final nail being driven into the coffin." Says Duke University Political Scientist Ole Holsti: "The invasion of Afghanistan has driven home the fact, more than anything since World War II, that whatever the Soviets mean by détente, or anything else, they are prepared to take hard action where they view the opportunity with a relatively low risk."

Holsti's view is seconded by most experts. They feel that the Kremlin carefully calculated the risks before giving the orders for its troops to swoop into Afghanistan. Though it could easily anticipate diplomatic friction with Washington, it could also believe that there was almost no danger of U.S. or other Western military opposition to the move. Says Huntington: "Moscow saw an opportunity. We were distracted in Iran as we were distracted in the Middle East in 1956 when the Soviets made their move on Hungary. This is their way of doing things."

The Kremlin's leaders also probably concluded that they had little to lose by a blow to their relations with Washington. They have been saying for some time that détente has brought them few benefits. They have never obtained, for example, the kind of economic rewards that they had expected from détente. One reason for this has been that Congress has made trade liberalization and credits conditional on Moscow's promising to relax its emigration restrictions. The Kremlin has balked at making such a pledge, complaining indignantly that such conditions constituted unacceptable interference in its internal affairs. The Soviets took the same pained view of Carter's very vocal human rights campaign.

SALT also was no obstacle to the Soviet invasion, for Moscow probably concluded that the arms treaty had no chance of winning Senate approval, at least during this presidential election year. Reports TIME Moscow Correspondent Bruce Nelan: "All along there has been extreme resentment in the Kremlin that the U.S. Senate was giving the U.S.S.R. grades on deportment and was threatening to kill SALT II unless Moscow behaved. Moscow was also upset by NATO's decision in December to deploy in Western Europe, by the mid-1980s, new atomic-tipped missiles capable of striking targets in the Soviet Union. Thus SALT simply was not all that important any more. Carter, meanwhile, had gone ahead and increased the U.S. defense budget and okayed the MX mobile missile (in response to the decade-long Soviet military buildup). Irritating Moscow too was the prospect that while it was not going to get most-favored-nation trading benefits from Washington, it seemed certain that Peking was going to get them. That would violate the principle of 'evenhanded' treatment of the two Communist powers, which Carter had promised when he normalized relations with China.

"Taken together, these developments created an atmosphere in which the Soviets felt no particular need to be cautious. Some well-informed Soviet sources privately admit that the Kremlin had become disenchanted with the course of détente and had decided to thumb its nose at the U.S. Had Afghanistan not come along, say these Soviet insiders, something else probably would have happened to permit Moscow to demonstrate that it no longer felt restrained by détente."

Moscow's primary purpose in invading Afghanistan, most experts agree, was simply to tighten its control of that rebellious country. The tide of Islamic fervor, which had already shaken Iran, was now threatening Afghanistan. Unless it were checked, might it not also spread across the border into the Soviet Central Asian Republics and stir unrest among their substantial Islamic populations? Thus Soviet leaders probably felt that they had only two options: 1) to allow a Moscow-leaning socialist state on their border to dissolve into chaos and possibly pass into the hands of Muslim fanatics or 2) to move forcefully to take control of events. A Soviet foreign affairs analyst told TIME's Nelan that "it was not easy for us to make this decision, but we were committed in Afghanistan from the beginning." Employing a rationale heard frequently in Washington in the 1960s to explain the growing U.S. presence in South Viet Nam, the Soviet official added: "Whether we like it or not, we have to live up to our commitments. We can't wash our hands of them. There was no other choice." To describe this Soviet use of military force to restore hegemony over Afghanistan, the British embassy in Moscow, in a cable to London, used the strange term defensive aggression.

Besides securing a hold on Afghanistan, the Soviets may have had other reasons to launch their invasion. For one, the invasion could be part of a long-range strategy to gain influence over Pakistan, Iran and other Persian Gulf nations. Says a senior British official: "The Soviets have a vested interest in getting an influence in Iran. The prize in political, economic and military terms would be enormous. It would place them in a position of being able to turn off the oil tap for Western consumers almost at will when the oil shortage starts to really bite later in the 1980s." It would also put them in a position of having immediate access to the gulf's rich petroleum reserves when, in the next few years, the U.S.S.R.'s domestic output of oil is expected to start falling short of its internal needs.

Beyond any specific and immediate goals, the Soviets may also have intended their invasion of Afghanistan to demonstrate to Pakistan and Iran what happens to unruly neighbors. This is a message that Moscow may be particularly interested in sending to China in an effort to restrain Peking's maneuverings both in Southeast Asia and along the 4,500-mile Sino-Soviet frontier. Beyond that, the Soviet

Dear Senator Byrd:

In light of the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan, I request that you delay consideration of the SALT II Treaty on the Senate floor.

Senator Byrd (left) and Secretary of State Vance discussing Carter's letter on SALT

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

17 mg "tar," 1.0 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May '78

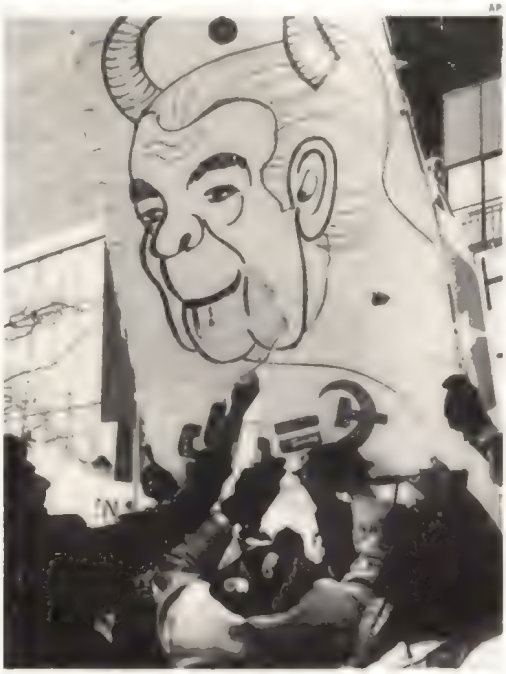
message is addressed to the whole world, for all international relations still depend partly on various nations' judgments about other nations' ability and willingness to use force. Regardless of the issues or moralities involved, a nation that does occasionally assert itself is often subsequently treated with greater care.

Who is making such decisions in Moscow? Because Brezhnev has been such a staunch supporter of the SALT treaty that he signed with Carter in Vienna last June, there was some ominous speculation that the ailing Soviet leader might now be acting under pressure from younger and more aggressive officials, or even that the long anticipated process of changing Soviet leadership might already be under way. Most Soviet experts discounted such speculation, however. Said one West German Foreign Ministry analyst: "There is no evidence to indicate that Brezhnev has lost control in Moscow." A Western expert in Moscow said: "Remember, this is basically the same leadership that went into Czechoslovakia."

Confronted by the new Soviet challenge, the top White House priority was to figure out an immediate U.S. response. Neither verbal outrage nor diplomatic pressure would suffice. Indeed, when before Christmas Soviet forces were detected massing for a possible Afghanistan invasion, Ambassador Watson delivered several warnings to the Foreign Ministry in Moscow. They were ignored until Christmas Eve, when Deputy Foreign Minister Viktor Maltsev coolly informed Watson that the invasion was about to begin. Said a senior U.S. planner: "There wasn't anything we could have said at that point that would have deflected them."

Last week, therefore, Washington clearly had to consider more direct and tough measures, although one Administration aide admitted that "we don't have any trump card that will force the Soviets out of Afghanistan." Carter realized that this crisis differed radically from that in Iran. If the hostage situation played to his strengths—patience, caution and carefully calibrated movements—the Soviet invasion called for something else. For guidance, Carter dusted off a 150-page analysis that had been prepared in 1968 by State Department experts on the possible U.S. reactions to the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia. Reports TIME Correspondent Johanna McGeary: "The President was deeply struck by what he read in that report. When he met Thursday afternoon with his top aides in the Roosevelt Room of the White House, he reminded them that what had dissipated the impact of the Western reaction to the Soviet aggression of 1968 was the dilatory pace of U.S. leadership. An original impulse for a firm, internationally backed retaliation had 'tailed off' until it was 'too late' because of endless, benumbing maneuvers at the U.N. This time, said Carter, the U.S. would have to be more aware of the 'trade-off between bringing others aboard and taking unilateral U.S. action.' The President almost seemed to be warning himself that too much time must not be squandered in searching for an allied response to the Kremlin."

Earlier in the week, the Administration had made its relatively easy decisions: recall Ambassador Watson, move in the U.N., and rule out the use of U.S. troops. A bit trickier was SALT II, to which Carter has been deeply committed and which was to be debated when the Senate reconvenes on Jan. 22. But Carter decided to seek postponement of that debate.



Afghan protesters in New York tear up a Brezhnev effigy

In Iran, a slap at the Soviets from the Ayatullah.

The delay, wrote the President in a letter to Senate Majority Leader Robert Byrd of West Virginia, would allow the White House and the Congress to "assess Soviet actions and intentions, and devote our primary attention to the legislative and other measures required to respond to this crisis." Carter emphasized that SALT's eventual approval by the Senate would be "in the national security interest." The request for a delay was greeted with relief by SALT supporters, a number of whom had feared that there was no chance the arms pact could now win the two-thirds vote required for passage.

Perhaps the most difficult decision was that concerning a grain embargo. Such a move would represent the painful reversal of a policy, based in great part on his moral principles, that food should not be used as a weapon. Halting the enormous grain shipments to the U.S.S.R., moreover, could erode the President's political support among farmers.

In the Roosevelt Room, the Secretaries of State, Defense, Agriculture and Commerce presented their views on an embargo. Then the President confided that he was leaning toward that drastic move, but wanted to postpone a final decision until Friday so that he could, as he said, "sleep on it." Later, Carter's aides concluded that the danger of a political setback in Iowa would be offset by the image the President would project: a tough leader willing to put national security needs above the "parochial" farm interest. After Carter's TV address, an aide described the grain cutoff and accompanying measures as "the strongest action taken by the U.S. against the Soviets in 20 years."

All this done, the Administration must now decide on a longer-range strategy to counter the Soviet Union's initiatives in Central and Southwestern Asia. "Act tough" was the predictable advice offered by one of Peking's diplomats at the U.N. "Teach the Soviets a lesson, that's what you've got to do," said he, making a karate chop. "If you don't, the big bear reaches out for more." But overreaction could be as dangerous as retreat. Not only might too bellicose an American policy provoke a superpower confrontation, but it would greatly concern U.S. allies situated near the U.S.S.R. and perhaps prompt them to seek their own accommodations with the Kremlin. What the Administration needs is a package of balanced moves to check Soviet expansion by making it more costly without directly threatening the U.S.S.R.

One way of achieving this, many analysts believe, would be to make the current Soviet offensive in Afghanistan as difficult as possible—in short, help it become the Kremlin's version of America's Viet Nam. While the problems that would be faced by Soviet troops fighting in a country just across the Soviet border could hardly equal those confronting G.I.s embattled 10,000 miles from the U.S. (to say nothing of the Soviet regime's ability to crush all domestic antiwar criticism), the Afghanistan adventure could become more than Moscow bargained for. One thing the U.S. could do, suggests Dimitri Simes, a Russian émigré who is a Soviet affairs expert at Georgetown University's Center for Strategic and International Studies, is to launch a well-orchestrated political effort to internationally portray and publicize the Afghan rebels as a national liberation movement. Even without such prompting, anti-Soviet demonstrations broke out last week in Turkey, India, Sudan, Indonesia, Iran and the U.S.

What would be most costly to the Soviets would be to assure that the rebels

have a sufficient and steady supply of arms and ammunition. A number of experts suggest that the U.S. provide such supplies, not directly but through Pakistan, China and perhaps other third parties. The Administration has been considering this, but refuses to confirm or deny whether it has already been providing such support.

Just how much help the Afghan rebels have been getting is a matter of some controversy. Moscow has claimed that Pakistan has been backing the Afghan insurgency with arms and men and that some supplies have come from the U.S. A senior Communist Party official in Moscow told TIME's Nelan that "Carter was warned about the situation and knew of its possible outcome. We approached him and his advisers confidentially, asking them to take measures to curb the activity of the groups of Afghans based in Pakistan, or at least stop arming them, and to call upon the Chinese to do the same." Western intelligence sources in fact confirm that some arms have been trickling into Afghanistan from China.

In any new strategy to counter Soviet aggression in Central Asia, Pakistan would need to be militarily strengthened. This strategically situated land, which not only borders Afghanistan but also touches Iran and fronts on the Arabian Sea, is itself highly unstable, plagued by internal political and economic problems. While the U.S. and Pakistan at one time had such close ties that many Pakistanis referred to their country as the 51st state, relations have been chilly since the 1971 war with India over Bangladesh. The military regime in Pakistan has been angered by Carter's human rights campaign, and by Washington's refusal to provide military aid so long as Pakistan balked at renouncing nuclear weapons. The Administration began moving rapidly last week to improve relations with Pakistan, even before Carter announced his determination to assist the country. The White House congressional liaison staff met with leaders on Capitol Hill to work out a possible budget request to provide military aid to Pakistan. It was clear that such aid would no longer be blocked by the issue of Pakistan's atomic potential. Said an Administration official: "Our concern about [nuclear] nonproliferation is being overwhelmed by the threat to the future of Pakistan and the subcontinent."

A change in U.S. relations with China could also be a critical part of a new U.S. policy of containing the Soviet Union. China was enraged by the invasion of Afghanistan. Peking's *People's Daily* declared that "escalation of the Afghanistan intervention will only result in the spread of the flames of armed rebellion into a conflagration, and Moscow will get its fingers burned."

One of the major questions facing the Administration is whether to establish a more formal security tie with Peking. This is to be high on the agenda of Defense Secretary Harold Brown, who is in China this week on the first visit there by a Pentagon chief. He is to reiterate, under instructions from Carter, that the U.S. and Peking have a common interest in blocking Soviet expansion in Asia. Brown then is to sound out his hosts on ways in which their two countries might work more closely toward this goal. A tighter Washington-Peking relationship is not without significant hazards. Duke's Holsti warns against any substantial military assistance to Peking, and says: "The danger is in thinking that because the Chinese and Soviets obviously have poor relations with each other, we therefore share all of the common interests with the Chinese. We don't." Administration analysts who have observed Soviet anger at every stage of the Sino-U.S. rapprochement are concerned about how the Kremlin might respond if Peking were to receive sophisticated U.S. weapons. It is just possible, say some of these experts, that Moscow could launch a pre-emptive strike against China.

ARTHUR GRACE

Carter at his Oval Office desk just before addressing the nation on TV

"Aggression unopposed becomes a contagious disease."

One essential condition for any global U.S. strategy is adequate military strength. Many experts believe that the Soviets have been tempted to become increasingly adventurous in part because the Pentagon has lost its clear-cut global strategic superiority. This has followed from nearly a decade of tight U.S. defense budgets, but the trend is now being reversed by Carter's call for an annual 4.8% real increase in Pentagon spending over the next five years. More immediately, the U.S. could improve its military posture in the Middle East by obtaining bases there. Egypt and Israel have already offered use of their facilities; in the Indian Ocean region, Oman, Somalia and Kenya have indicated that they would be receptive to a U.S. request for bases. Currently, the only U.S. military installation in the Indian Ocean is an airstrip on the tiny island of Diego Garcia, about 1,000 miles off India's coast.

But it would be beyond the nation's ability to re-create the situation that prevailed from the mid-1950s through the late 1960s, when the U.S. enjoyed widely recognized global military and economic superiority. That was an unnatural condition, reflecting the special post–World War II circumstances, and it could not have been expected to last indefinitely. The fact that the U.S. now has slipped from its former position as the only real superpower merely reflects historical developments over which Washington had little, if any, control. Among them: the economic recovery and boom in Western Europe and Japan, the formation of the oil cartel and the Kremlin's determination to attain military parity with the U.S. Dimitri Simes points out that potential Third World targets for Soviet intervention have existed since the decolonization movement of the early 1960s. What has changed has been Moscow's military ability to take advantage of such opportunities. Says Simes: "The Soviet leaders are still prudent and conservative men. But what seems prudent in 1980 would not have been prudent in 1961."

Though there can be no going back to the heady days of the 1950s, it probably would be just as impossible to restore the balmy era of U.S.-Soviet détente that marked the early 1970s. Détente has actually been disintegrating for five years, with the U.S. bearing a fair share of the responsibility. In addition, the zigzags of the Carter Administration unquestionably have confused and worried the Soviets—from the toughness of the first Cyrus Vance SALT proposals in 1977, and Carter's outspoken human rights policy, to the cancellation of the B-1 bomber, delay of the neutron bomb and the strong Administration support for SALT II as finally agreed upon.

In the wake of the Soviet thrust into Afghanistan, against a backdrop of the Kremlin's continuing nuclear and conventional military buildup, the U.S. must redefine its role in the world and especially its relationship with the U.S.S.R. Columbia's Soviet affairs specialist Seweryn Bialer fears "the worst possible situation is when the U.S.S.R. feels that it has nothing to fear from the U.S. and nothing to hope for from the U.S." In the

current situation, Bialer urges that "the Soviets should have more to fear from us than they do."

As Washington feels out its new relationship with Moscow, there is no need for haste. Jody Powell has stressed that the White House does not "want to make sweeping statements about the ultimate nature of the relationship when we are clearly in midstride of a grave international crisis." It would make sense, for instance, to wait and see what happens in Afghanistan. Western experts in Moscow predict that the adventure will cost the U.S.S.R. more dearly than it had expected, in men, in material and most of all in world esteem.

Another reason for Washington to go slow in revamping its basic policy toward the Kremlin is that Moscow will soon be facing a time of great decisions as the current aging and ailing leadership is replaced. Any U.S. policy will have to take the Kremlin's new leaders into account. Warns Sovietologist Simes: "As they consolidate their power, they will be tough and ruthless, particularly domestically and in Eastern Europe." Harvard's Huntington agrees that there is "not a very happy period" ahead for U.S.-Soviet relations. Says he: "The Soviets obviously believe that the time has come for them to assert themselves on the global scene and to capitalize on the military might that they have been building up for so many years."

Although the U.S. is no longer the globe's sole superpower, it still is one of two superpowers and, more important, is the leader of the industrial democracies. It is looked to for guidance and protection by many developing countries. The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan has challenged not only the U.S., but also that portion of the world sharing America's values and aspirations. The problem is not so much one of U.S. strength—the U.S. is strong indeed—but of applying this strength in ways that make us seem effective, seem wise, and seem responsible leaders of the free world. ■

"A Hell of a Lot of Vodka"

President Carter's retaliatory measures will pinch but they are unlikely to punish the Soviet Union seriously. His principal move—the cutoff of grain sales—is a good show of short-term strength, yet its long-term value is arguable. Says Richard Kjeldsen, senior international economist for the Security Pacific National Bank: "I cannot think of a single unilateral embargo that has been effective. Nor can I think of an instance in the past when wheat-producing countries have actually got together to function in some concerted, cartel-like operation. An embargo on grain shipments is simply a very leaky boat."

The Carter Administration has been trying to persuade other wheat-exporting nations to cooperate with the embargo and not sell the Soviets the 17 million metric tons of grain eliminated by the U.S. So far, Canada and Australia have given "pretty firm" commitments to go along with the embargo, while Argentina is a question mark. Even if these nations do cooperate, the Soviets may still find other ways to get their grain. Says Verel Bailey, an Iowa corn grower: "The Russians are very effective in manipulating international pipeline supplies. It would not surprise me if a lot of grain starts heading for Polish ports and never arrives there but goes to a 'destination unknown,' namely the Soviet Union."

Even if the embargo were to prove largely successful, it is unlikely that anybody in the U.S.S.R. would go hungry. The bulk of the grain from the U.S. is corn, which is fed to livestock. The Kremlin has been striving to build up its herds after a distress slaughter prompted by bad harvests in the mid-1970s. At the moment, Soviet ports and storage areas are crammed with grain, so any embargo would not be felt for a few months. When the grain runs out, the herds would again be slaughtered to feed people. Toward the end of 1980, a meat shortage would finally develop. But that would simply mean belt-tightening for Soviet citizens —a familiar enough deprivation under Communist rule. If the embargo were sustained for a long period, more severe suffering could occur. But Carter has always been reluctant to use food as that direct a weapon. In his speech he even went out of his way, rather lamely, to say that the grain he is cutting off is used to feed livestock, not people. The livestock would, of course, feed people.

JEFFREY SECKENDORF

Loading Soviet-bound grain in Albany, N.Y.

Carter's speech quickly drew rebukes from political opponents. Senator Edward Kennedy complained that the "Soviets won't leave Afghanistan, and the American farmer will pay the price for an ineffective foreign policy. A weak policy can't be redeemed by getting tough on farmers." George Bush declared that the embargo "cuts off our own nose more than it hurts the Russians. Talking about cutting off fishing rights is like hitting the Soviets with a marshmallow."

American farmers, who are enjoying bumper crops and record exports, are unhappy with the embargo but seem to grudgingly accept it on patriotic grounds. Says Texas Congressman E de la Garza, a Democrat: "With all the grain around, we may end up with a hell of a lot of vodka, but I think the agricultural states will go along with the President as long as the integrity of the nation is involved."

Farmers are at least partly mollified by Carter's proposal that the Federal Government buy much of the $2 billion in embargoed grain and put it in storage. But Clark Biggs, spokesman for the California Farm Bureau, warns that stockpiles tend to depress prices. "The wheat has to be sold some time, and buyers have that in the back of their minds when they bid on the grain." Government purchase of grain will also add to the $33 billion budget deficit projected for fiscal 1980 and thus increase inflation. The slim $10 billion U.S. balance of payments surplus anticipated this year will be reduced, further adding to the pressure on the alarmingly weakened dollar.

The cutoff of technology sales to the Soviets may discomfit them, but again only modestly. The Soviets badly need certain kinds of U.S. technology, especially oil-drilling equipment. But in most cases they can buy somewhat less advanced equipment from Western European nations. The Carter Administration is engaged in talks with the Germans, British and French to stop these sales, but no commitments have been announced.

The basic question is whether economic pressure, no matter how successful, will cause any change in the Soviets' political behavior. Cautions a top European Community official: "For the Russians, American technology is only the icing on the cake. They would like your IBM computers, your rubber plants, your petrochemical processes, but not at the expense of their expansionist foreign policy. The one thing that has remained completely consistent for 50 years is Russian expansionism."

An Interview with Brzezinski

The Afghanistan action: "It is a watershed event"

Exactly a year ago, as the Shah's regime was crumbling in Iran, Zbigniew Brzezinski began warning about instability in the whole "arc of crisis," to the south of the Soviet Union. Last week, with his desk piled a foot high with classified cables on Afghanistan, Brzezinski gave an interview to TIME *Correspondents Christopher Ogden and Gregory Wierzynski. Usually ebullient, he was somber and chose his words with exceptional care. Excerpts:*

Q. Where do the events in Afghanistan leave the U.S.-Soviet relationship?

A. The Soviet military action in Afghanistan marks a new stage in Soviet assertiveness. It is a watershed event—the first time since 1945 that Soviet armed forces have been used to impose direct Soviet will on a foreign country not previously under Soviet control. The imposition of Soviet control over Afghanistan, if it is accomplished, poses a direct security threat to Iran and Pakistan, countries in a region of vital importance to the U.S.

The Soviet action has imposed a severe strain on détente. It has magnified the competitive aspect of the relationship, and it has very negatively affected the cooperative aspects. Détente has certainly been very severely injured.

Q. Has there been an ambiguity in U.S. relations with the Soviets that may have led to a Soviet presumption of weakness in the American position?

A. The President wanted from the very beginning of his Administration to move both countries to a genuine and increasingly ambitious arms reduction. At the same time, he felt justified—and I believe history will justify him—in insisting that the U.S. stand for principles, the most important one being that of human rights.

Our position toward the Soviet Union has been consistent throughout the past three years. There have been no zigzags in it. We are willing to widen the scope of cooperation as far as the Soviet Union is prepared to go along with us; but we will compete as assertively as Soviet actions require.

The Soviet intervention in Afghanistan, unfortunately, highlights the competitive part of the relationship, and we would not be true to our historical obligation if we did not react very firmly and very energetically to this intervention. We have to do something because this intervention poses wider geopolitical challenges to us.

Q. What were the Soviet intentions in Afghanistan, in your view?

A. The Soviet actions introduce a highly dynamic element in a very volatile area of the world. About a year ago, I described that area as "an arc of crisis." I meant by that phrase a number of countries that have different internal causes of instability but cumulatively are facing widespread regional turbulence. The Soviet Union has chosen both to exploit that turbulence and to project its power into it. This is likely to be highly destabilizing for all of the neighbors of Afghanistan. The Soviets may hope to extract some benefits from it, but they should be increasingly aware that international stability and restraint are more in their own interest.

Q. Can China help the U.S.?

A. China is a factor for stability in Asia and contributes to great restraint by all parties. It would certainly be highly premature to speculate whether that reality can be translated into anything more systematic or more formal. Defense Secretary Harold Brown will have wide-ranging consultations during his visit to Peking this week, and the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is very much on the agenda.

Q. Why do you think the Soviets have decided to forgo SALT for the immediate future?

A. The Soviets concluded that they had an opportunity in Afghanistan and felt that they ought to seize it . . .

SALT is in our mutual interest. It is neither an American favor to the Soviet Union nor a Soviet favor to the U.S. I hope that the Senate will eventually ratify SALT because SALT is needed whether American-Soviet relations are good or bad. I regret their actions because of the adverse impact they have had on SALT.

Q. Do you expect the Soviets to continue abiding by SALT I, as they have done since the treaty expired two years ago?

A. I do not wish to speculate on that.

Q. Will it be American policy to continue to abide by these informal terms?

A. We have generally abided by it, but of course we will have to take into account Soviet conduct as well.

Q. So you do not rule out an escalation of the arms race?

A. I cannot rule it out, but I hope there will be sufficient wisdom on both sides to restrain it.

Q. What will a world without SALT look like?

A. Without SALT, the world could be confronted by a more acute arms race between the two superpowers. Secretary Brown indicated that without SALT the U.S. defense budget might have to be increased by an amount in the range of $30 billion between now and 1985. That figure is likely to be affected by the scale of Soviet efforts, upward or downward.

Q. The U.S. ought to be the good guy around the world; yet we are the ones whose diplomats get attacked. Why is it that so much of such action is directed at the U.S. and so little at the Soviets?

A. You can reduce it to very basic human emotions: resentment, the desire to emulate, the desire to undermine. That is the lot necessarily of anyone who is in the forefront of historical change, who happens to be the richest and the most innovative and also the freest.

Q. What is the likelihood that Afghanistan may turn out to be the Soviet Union's Viet Nam?

A. There may be some superficial similarities between the Soviet intervention in Afghanistan and our own involvement in Viet Nam. But there are also very significant differences. Afghanistan is closer to the Soviet Union than Viet Nam was to the U.S. The insurgents in Afghanistan do not have an organized government, a sanctuary, nor are they receiving billions in arms the way the Vietnamese received [aid] from the Soviet Union.

Q. What will it take on the part of the Soviets to repair the Soviet-American relationship?

A. If the Soviet Union wishes to repair that relationship promptly, the best and most certain way would be the rapid withdrawal of Soviet forces from Afghanistan. An act of this sort would be a genuine token of serious commitment to international cooperation and stability. Otherwise, we will go through a period in which the hopes for greater opportunities will be very much delayed.

What Happens if SALT Dies

Far from being hurt, Moscow is free to build new weapons

For a dozen years, the momentum of the Strategic Arms Limitation Talks and the sheer importance of what was being negotiated helped SALT to survive the sometimes quixotic workings of American democracy and the sometimes brutal vicissitudes of Soviet behavior. President Carter's decision to request a postponement of the Senate debate on ratification of the SALT treaty could spell the end not just of SALT II but of the prospects for SALT III, the SALT process as a whole, and the array of lesser arms-control negotiations in which progress has often depended on the SALT bellwether. Among them: talks on banning underground nuclear testing, antisatellite, chemical and radiological weapons, and on the demilitarization of the Indian Ocean. TIME Diplomatic Correspondent Strobe Talbott analyzes the possible consequences:

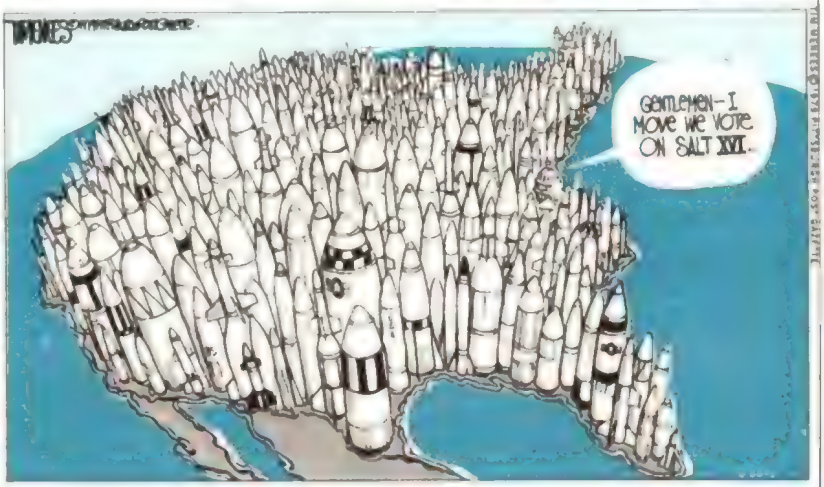
There is a gut feeling in many Americans—and many Senators—that now is not a time for the U.S. to be making deals with the Soviets. Now is a time not for disarmament, but for rearmament. There is in this feeling a new manifestation of an old fallacy, the fallacy that SALT does the U.S.S.R. more good than the U.S., and that scuttling SALT will therefore do the Soviets more harm. As Henry Kissinger often said, SALT is not a reward for Soviet good behavior; treaties between adversaries can be more useful than treaties between friends; especially in periods of heightened tension between adversaries, treaties can be vital in setting bounds for competition. Kissinger's rival and successor, Zbigniew Brzezinski, echoed that same point last week when he said the U.S. and the Soviet Union need SALT now more than ever.

The most important accomplishment of the SALT II treaty is that it would—if it were in force—assure a measure of predictability, and hence stability, in the relationship between the strategic arsenals of the two sides. The treaty establishes a hierarchy of equal ceilings on Soviet and American launchers for intercontinental nuclear weapons. In that respect, it is an improvement on the 1972 SALT I freeze, which left the Soviets with a numerical advantage of about 40% in missile launchers. Yet even with that numerical advantage, the Soviets have already bumped their heads against the SALT I ceiling: they have been forced to dismantle several older Yankee class missile-firing submarines in order to deploy new Delta class boats and stay within the SALT I limits. SALT I formally expired in October 1977. The Carter Administration and the Kremlin agreed to extend it informally until SALT II was complete. But now, with SALT II in limbo, the Soviets may feel justified in ignoring the SALT I limits as they press ahead with the modernization of their submarine fleet.

The 1974 Vladivostok accord, which was negotiated by President Ford and Kissinger and is embodied in the final SALT II treaty, sets equal ceilings of 2,400 for total strategic nuclear launchers and 1,320 for launchers with multiple warheads (MIRVs). Those ceilings are too high for the liking of many arms-control enthusiasts and U.S. defense planners as well, for they permit the Soviets to continue their 17-year-old missile buildup, which in turn is forcing the U.S. into expensive countermeasures. But the Carter Administration succeeded in negotiating additional provisions that would apply the brakes to the Soviet juggernaut. The Administration has inserted into the Vladivostok framework a new ceiling for MIRVed ICBMs and a freeze on the MIRVing of various types of ICBMs. Before the treaty expires in 1985, the Soviets would be permitted to deploy a maximum of 820 MIRVed ICBMs. That is about 100 more than they have now and therefore hardly cause for euphoria. But while it is not disarmament, it is arms control, since in the absence of that ceiling the Soviets would probably deploy more than 900 MIRVed ICBMs, and in the absence of SALT altogether, they have the capability of going as high as 1,300. The MIRVing freeze would hold the Soviet ICBMs at the number of warheads already tested on each type of rocket. In the case of their biggest missile, the SS-18, that means ten MIRVs. Without such a freeze, the SS-18 monster could carry as many as 25 independently targetable bombs.

The proliferation of land-based warheads aimed at the U.S. is the cutting edge of the "clear and present danger" of which Paul Nitze and other SALT critics warn. They fear that the increase in the accuracy, payload and number of Soviet MIRVed ICBMs will soon threaten the U.S.'s own Minuteman ICBMs with a first strike. Such a capability could be an instrument of political blackmail such as in some future replay of the Cuban missile crisis, or perhaps over Iran, Afghanistan and Pakistan. Yet in SALT II, the Carter Administration would have blunted that threat somewhat by limiting the proliferation of warheads. It would be better, of course, if the treaty stopped the Soviet buildup rather than merely slowing it down. A rollback would be better still —and might be a major goal of SALT III if there ever is such a thing. But just as politics is the art of the possible, SALT is the art of the negotiable, and SALT II would mitigate the Soviet ICBM threat.

The Soviets' Strategic Rocket Forces have been converting single-warhead ICBM launchers into multiple-warhead ones so rapidly that the weapons will soon be approaching the SALT II ceiling of 820 MIRVed ICBMs. As early as this summer the Kremlin may face a decision whether to pull back or proceed in that conversion. Also, the Soviets might any day test an SS-18 heavy missile with 20 or more warheads. For them to do so would not only make a mockery out of the SALT II freeze on MIRVing, it would also jeopardize the U.S. mobile MX missile —which is supposed to replace the vulnerable stationary ICBMs—before it even gets off the drawing board. For the MX to be sure of surviving a Soviet first strike, there must be a strict limit on the number of warheads that the Soviets could throw at the MX. A year ago, the Soviets stayed out of the Vietnam-Chinese border war. One reason, say Soviet officials and American Kremlinologists alike, was that the Kremlin did not want to scuttle SALT during the final months of the negotiations. Since then, however, the U.S. has coupled SALT with its considerable increase in defense spending, its go-ahead for the MX, and the NATO decision to deploy a new generation of U.S. nuclear missiles in Western Europe. If the Kremlin now has truly decided SALT is not worth saving, the superpowers could be moving into a protracted period of unfettered military competition. ■



How the Soviet Army Crushed Afghanistan

But rebels may find ways to fight back

When you are wounded and
left on Afghanistan's plains,
And the women come out
to cut up what remains,
Just roll to your rifle and blow out
your brains
And go to your God like a soldier.

That was Rudyard Kipling's tribute to Afghanistan, a barren moonscape of a land at the "crossroads of the world," and to its proud and savage people. Conquered by Alexander the Great in the 4th century B.C. and by Genghis Khan in the 13th century A.D., Afghanistan in the Victorian era served as a buffer between Imperial Russia and the British raj. The Afghans accepted it all, but they exacted a bloody price. For generations, the Hindus of India prayed for deliverance from "the venom of the cobra, the teeth of the tiger and the vengeance of the Afghan."

Today the target of the Afghans' anger is the Soviet force of 50,000 troops who have invaded and seized control of their land. *"Shoravi Padar Lanath!"* cried beggars and shopkeepers alike in the streets of Kabul, Afghanistan's shabby, snow-covered capital. The curse ("Goddamn the Russians!") replaced morning pleasantries in the city's ancient bazaar. "Afghanistan is no more," lamented a bootblack in the shopping district of Share Nau. "We have lost everything."

And so it seemed. A week earlier, in a lightning invasion, four Soviet divisions moved into Afghanistan, the iron fist behind a coup that ended the three-month-old regime of President Hafizullah Amin. The unfortunate Amin, 50, who had turned out to be a more independent-minded nationalist than Moscow wanted, thus became the third leader of Afghanistan to be overthrown and killed within the past 20 months. In his place the Soviets installed Babrak Karmal, 50, a former Deputy Prime Minister who had long been considered a Russian protégé.

The Soviet seizure had apparently been taking shape for several months. Moscow had disliked the truculent Amin ever since he had replaced a Soviet favorite, Noor Mohammed Taraki, in the coup of Sept. 15. As the Muslim insurgency kept gaining strength in the countryside, Moscow proposed to Amin that Soviet combat forces be brought in to put down the rebellion. Amin refused.

On Dec. 24, the Soviets made a last attempt to persuade Amin to cooperate, but again he said no. Apparently seeking to protect himself, or perhaps on Soviet orders, he moved from the People's House in central Kabul to the Darulaman Palace, seven miles away, taking his elite guard and eight tanks along with him. It was too late, and the defense was too weak. That same night, the Soviets began their airlift of troops into Kabul.

Between Dec. 24 and 27, at least 350 Soviet aircraft landed at Kabul International Airport and at Bagram airbase, 25 miles north of the capital. The planes had been mustered from bases throughout the Soviet Union; they carried an airborne division from near Moscow and support troops from Turkestan. On Dec. 27, Russian airborne troops stormed the Darulaman Palace. Amin was captured and shot, along with some of his relatives. The only other serious clash was a skirmish outside Radio Afghanistan, just across from the U.S. embassy. In both fights, Afghan troops loyal to Amin resisted as best they could and inflicted about 250 casualties, but they were no match for the Soviets. By the next day, Dec. 28, the capital was entirely in Soviet hands. Amin, whom the Soviet press had treated with respect until only a few days earlier, was now being described as "a man who was in the service of the CIA" and a "usurper" who condemned former President Taraki to death.

The second phase of the onslaught, the invasion by Soviet ground forces, took place between Dec. 29 and 31. One Soviet motorized rifle division, with at least 12,000 men, rolled down the western route from Kushka, in the Soviet Union, to Kandahar. Another streamed in from the Soviet city of Termez over the

Following the Soviet military invasion of Afghanistan,

A Soviet soldier on duty in Afghanistan

Soviet helicopter at Kabul airport, as seen through the window of an Afghan domestic airliner

After four days of silence, Karmal urged everyone to "support our glorious revolution."

Photographs for TIME by Hubert Van Es—Photoreporters

Russian troops, tanks, armored personnel carriers and artillery pieces all appear on the move near the Kabul International Airport

Soviet soldiers filled the streets of Kabul, but later withdrew to the outskirts of the city

Among the 50,000 Soviet troops now in Afghanistan were these soldiers at Kabul airport

"Did you see many 'others' in town? They are like a steel ring around the city."

road that passes through the Salang Pass to Bagram and Kabul. At the time the Soviets built this second route about 15 years ago, some Afghans had noted that the highway seemed strong and wide enough to accommodate tanks and troop carriers.

Other Soviet units moved east from conquered Kabul toward the Khyber Pass and into Paktia province, a center of the Muslim insurgence. The Soviet command post is at Termez, where they have built a satellite communications station to give them a direct link to Moscow. The Soviets now have two airborne divisions and two motorized infantry divisions in Afghanistan, plus support troops, to bring their total strength to 50,000 men.

In the capital all resistance appears to have been crushed. Some Soviet units have set up their headquarters near the airport, with mess tents, field hospitals and huge, balloon-like fuel depots. In the early days, Russian soldiers patrolled the snow-covered streets and manned checkpoints throughout the city. By night they cruised the area in armored cars, sporadically firing into the starry sky. "The object of the shooting," said a traveler who managed to leave Kabul on the daily bus to Pakistan, "was to keep people frightened and inside their homes."

Kabul had already become an armed camp after 20 months of rising civil war throughout the country; now it is a Soviet garrison town as well. The Afghan police force has, for the most part, been disarmed; Afghan army units, when visible at all, can occasionally be seen squatting along the roads outside town, always in the company of heavily armed Soviet troops. Roadblocks prevent the populace from moving about the city.

One of the few Western journalists

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who had even a fleeting glance of the Afghan capital last week was Dutch Photographer Hubert Van Es, on assignment for TIME. On his way into town from the airport, Van Es saw Soviet tanks and troop carriers everywhere. After two nights of house arrest at the Kabul Inter-Continental Hotel, he managed to slip away for a look at downtown Kabul on New Year's Day. He found surprisingly few Soviet soldiers on the streets except in front of Radio Afghanistan, the Interior Ministry and the post office. Back at the hotel, an employee told him: "Did you see many 'others' in town? There are tens of thousands. They are like a steel ring around the city."

One of the mysteries of the week was what had happened to newly appointed President Karmal, who failed to show up for four days after the coup. As it turned out, his first radio address was beamed to Afghanistan from a Russian station, lending credence to the notion that he remained out of the country until his Soviet mentors decided it was safe for him to come home. Finally, on Tuesday evening, he appeared with several members of his new Cabinet at a televised rally, where he called on his countrymen to "come together and support our glorious revolution."

All week, a steady stream of MiGs and Su-17 attack aircraft arrived at Kabul airport to support the Soviet forces in the countryside. Just five miles east of the capital, resistance was continuing at the Pule-Charkhi army headquarters. Instead of opening the gates of the fort, as the Soviets had ordered them to do, the Afghan troops stationed there had killed their Russian advisers and prepared for a siege. The Soviet forces were reluctant to storm the base, lest this lead to a massacre, but they quickly surrounded it. Their solution was to position 20 tanks, their gun barrels pointed downward, on the surrounding hills and wait.

There were other clashes in widely scattered areas. Afghan rebels claimed to have ambushed and routed a Soviet column in Bamian province northwest of Kabul. Fighting was said to be taking place in Logar province south of the capital, in Badakhshan and Takhar along the northeast frontier with the Soviet Union, in the southern city of Kandahar and in the desert wastes west of Herat and Farah. Concluded a Western observer: "The Soviet plan seems to be to secure the capital and seal the borders. If escape routes to Iran and Pakistan are cut, I am sure they are confident that eventually they will prevail over the insurgents through superior force of arms."

In addition to the divisions that have invaded Afghanistan, the Soviets have 40,000 to 60,000 troops within their own border who could be rushed into combat if necessary. U.S. analysts believe it will take all of them, perhaps 100,000 strong, to subdue the country, hold all the important towns and keep the roads open. With the force now in Afghanistan, U.S. analysts believe, the Soviets can hold Kabul and most provincial capitals, but nothing more. The Soviets also control many units of the Afghan army, but the army's ranks are depleted (down to an estimated 50,000 from as many as 150,000) and its loyalties bitterly divided.

Fighting the Soviet military machine is a disorganized and leaderless army of insurgents known as *mujahidin*. They are believed to number 15,000 to 20,000 in summer and as many as 60,000 in winter. Says a U.S. expert: "Winter is the killing season, when there is nothing to do but go out and shoot." The tribes are hopelessly disunited and fight constantly among themselves. But for the most part they dislike central authority, they distrust foreigners—particularly Russians—and they have fought with rising fervor against the Kabul government ever since the Soviet-backed regime of President Taraki came to power in April 1978.

The rebels were doing well until the Soviet takeover. They had virtually surrounded Kabul and controlled as many as 22 of the country's 28 provinces. Not even armored-car escorts could ensure safe passage for trucks on the highway between Kabul and Kandahar. As a result of the disruption of the transportation system, prices of essential commodities soared in Kabul—rice by 100%, firewood by 500%, and diesel fuel was nearly unobtainable.

Now, at least for the moment, the insurgents are on the run. Dozens of Afghan camel caravans crossed the border into Pakistan from Paktia province last week. Explained Alip Jon, 41: "There are too many tanks, and planes are always coming. For every one of us here, two or three are still fighting, but I fear Paktia is done for." Others talked as truculently as ever. Said Gul Amir, 36: "The Russians can't stay in Afghanistan. They are so alien that even the animals hate them."

During the past year of unrest, the number of Afghan refugees camped on the Pakistani side of the border has soared from 13,000 to about 400,000. Last week TIME Correspondent David DeVoss visited the village of Dara Adam Khail, which lies to the south of the Pakistani city of Peshawar. Dara has long been famous for its handmade rifles, mortars and land mines, and the insurgency in Afghanistan has turned the place into a boomtown. Reports DeVoss: "Mud-hut arms factories are busy 24 hours a day. A handcrafted Kalashnikov rifle sells for $1,700. For just under $1,000, Chicago-style tommy guns are a bargain. The preferred weapon is the Enfield; its bullets cost $1 apiece, as compared with $2.20 for a Kalashnikov round. But Dara's craftsmen will produce any weapon requested. A man polishing the barrel of a Sten gun told me: 'We will do all we can to help the Afghan people. At our factory, all *mujahidin* receive a 20% discount.' "

The Pakistani government of President Mohammed Zia Ul-Haq is tempted to encourage the Afghan tribesmen to fight the Kabul government, with which Pakistan has always had uneasy relations. But the Pushtun (or Pathan) tribesmen, whose homeland is on both sides of the border, also have their differences with Pakistan. So Zia is reluctant to grant the insurgents too much aid lest they use it to fight his government, which has serious problems of its own.

One tragedy of Afghanistan is simply its geography: it lies along the eastern tier of the "crescent of crisis," which in an oil-short world has become strategically vital to both the West and the Soviet Union. Can the Soviets subjugate the Afghans indefinitely? Pentagon experts doubt that Afghanistan ever could become Moscow's "Viet Nam," pointing out that Soviet supply lines to Afghanistan are short and the local population relatively small: 14 million to 18 million.

But some historians argue that the traditional fierceness of the Afghans is a quality that defies measure. In January 1842, after an adventure in Afghanistan, the British ordered the withdrawal of 4,500 soldiers and 12,000 camp followers from Kabul. A week later, the sole survivor of the march, a field surgeon named Brydon, staggered into Jalalabad on the way to the Khyber Pass. The present generation of rebel tribesmen are hardly equipped to repeat such a feat. But, as a former U.S. Ambassador to Kabul, Robert Neumann, has observed, "Foreign invaders have found it easier to march into Afghanistan than to march out." ■

Mission Impossible

Waldheim goes to Tehran and returns empty-handed

A doctor of law, a career diplomat in the Austrian foreign service, staid, elegant Kurt Waldheim had never confronted such a scene. Several hundred maimed Iranians, all veterans of the rioting that toppled Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi a year ago, shook their crutches and artificial limbs at the United Nations Secretary-General as they swarmed around him at a former military officers' club in Tehran. "Waldheim, look at us," shouted one of the wounded demonstrators. "Give the Shah back to us!" One man plucked out his glass eye and shouted: "That's what the Shah did to me!" Another lifted up his armless five-year-old son and told Waldheim that the Shah's secret police had mutilated the child in an attempt to wring a confession from his older brother, who was an anti-Shah dissident.

A shaken Secretary-General and aides after fleeing angry Iranians in a cemetery

"I was wondering who would be at my side if something happened."

Waldheim, his legendary diplomatic poise badly shaken, hugged the child for a few moments while the crippled demonstrators and Waldheim's armed Iranian bodyguards wept. Then he promised emotionally that he would press for a U.N. investigation of atrocities committed under the Shah. Vowed Waldheim: "I shall bring this message of suffering before the United Nations, before the world community. We will inquire into the violation of human rights by the previous regime. We shall certainly do whatever we can to ensure that this mutilation of human beings will never take place again."

Waldheim's promise pleased his hosts. Said an aide to Iranian Foreign Minister Sadegh Ghotbzadeh: "This is a significant step in the right direction; this is a cornerstone worth building on." For weeks the Iranian government has sought an international hearing for its grievances against the Shah and the U.S. But by week's end there was no sign that Waldheim had produced the slightest movement toward achieving the main purpose of his trip to Tehran: to start negotiations on the release of the 50 American hostages at the U.S. embassy. The Secretary-General was under instruction to report back to the U.N. Security Council before its next meeting on Iran, scheduled for Monday, Jan. 7; if he signaled failure, the council had agreed to begin its debate on whether to impose an embargo on all exports to Iran except food and drugs.

Indeed, shortly after Waldheim left Tehran, the hostages' situation turned more ominous. The militants at the U.S. embassy demanded that Ghotbzadeh hand over to them U.S. Chargé d'Affaires L. Bruce Laingen, who has been held by the government at the Foreign Ministry. In a letter to Ghotbzadeh, the students said that Laingen "must provide some explanations about documents of espionage discovered in the nest of spies." In addition, the students announced that if the hostages are tried, Vietnamese representatives will be invited to attend. They claimed that one of the hostages, Air Force Lieut. Colonel David Roeder, had flown 102 bombing missions over Viet Nam and therefore was a "war criminal."

No one had expected less from Waldheim's trip than the Secretary-General himself. "I don't have any illusions that I will come back with the hostages," he was reported to have told his aides, "but I hope to start a successful turn, get going in another direction, so that the U.S. and Iran will start negotiating." The 61-year-old diplomat, who once described his office as a mailbox for messages from antagonistic governments, was reluctant to go to Tehran in the first place. "How will the Iranians react?" he asked. "My going there depends on their attitude."

The Iranians quickly made their attitude clear. The Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini announced that he would not meet with Waldheim. Said Khomeini: "I do not trust this man." The militants holding the U.S. embassy also said they would not talk with him. Only Foreign Minister Ghotbzadeh, who has neither the Ayatullah's ear nor the students' respect, was willing to meet with the Secretary-General, but not to bargain over the hostages. Said Ghotbzadeh: "He can come here and be informed of our views. The matter of negotiation is not an issue."

Despite the discouraging word from Iran, Waldheim left for Tehran just hours ahead of the Security Council's approval of a U.S.-sponsored resolution giving him seven days to break the impasse before the start of the debate on sanctions. In proposing the sanctions resolution, Secretary of State Cyrus Vance reminded the council that Iran had ignored three U.N. demands to free the hostages. Said Vance: "The time has come for the world community to act firmly and collectively, to uphold international law and preserve international peace. If the international community fails to act when its law is flouted and its authority defied, we not only diminish the possibility for peace in this crisis; we belittle this institution of peace itself." After more than two weeks of delicate private talks by U.S. Ambassador Donald McHenry and three days of debate, the council had approved the resolution by 11 to 0.

Four council members abstained: Bangladesh, Czechoslovakia, Kuwait and the U.S.S.R. During the debate, Soviet Ambassador Oleg Troyanovsky complained that the U.S. resolution was too belligerent and therefore could not be supported by his government. He made no mention of the fact that as he spoke, his government's tanks were rolling through Afghanistan. The Soviet envoy's hypocrisy seemed to anger McHenry. Asked by a reporter after the debate whether the Soviets had abstained rather than vetoing the resolution because of a secret deal with the U.S., he snapped: "That is an obscene accusation. A country that is engaged in the rape of another country would be ill-advised to use its veto."

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Waldheim was able to claim that he alone had made the decision to go. Insisted his spokesman, François Giuliani: "The trip has nothing to do with the Security Council resolution." Waldheim hoped that this would head off any argument that he was acting under orders from the U.S., or that Tehran was allowing him into Iran under pressure from the threat of sanctions. It was the sort of face-saving gesture that has earned the Secretary-General a reputation as a master of diplomatic technicalities and procedures, but its effect was undercut by Vance. Asked if Waldheim's last-ditch diplomacy was the result of U.S. prodding, the Secretary of State forthrightly replied: "I think it is, and I'm delighted."

On landing in Tehran, Waldheim immediately was subjected to humiliating abuse. Local newspapers published a year-old photograph of him kissing the hand of Princess Ashraf Pahlavi, the Shah's twin sister. Read the caption in the evening daily *Kayhan:* "Kurt Waldheim in his previous trip to Tehran—he and Ashraf have raised their glasses in a toast to the archtraitor Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, marking his victory in the massacre and torture of the defenseless and innocent Iranian nation." A morning newspaper, the *Islamic Republic,* published another old photograph of Waldheim shaking hands with the Shah, whose face was blotted out by the editors with a Star of David. Read the caption: "Waldheim hand-in-hand with the executioner." The government TV station paired its pictures of Waldheim's arrival on a split screen with photos of an amputee and two dead children who the announcer said were victims of SAVAK, the Shah's secret police.

Waldheim's reception by Ghotbzadeh was not much warmer. They talked for nearly three hours on the morning after the Secretary-General's arrival, and were to meet twice more during the week. The session was devoted mostly to a long tirade by Ghotbzadeh against the U.S. and the U.N. He accused the U.N. of doing nothing about atrocities during the Shah's rule and of involving itself with Iran only after it was prodded by Washington over the hostages. According to a Foreign Ministry statement, Ghotbzadeh told Waldheim: "The superpowers and their satellites continue their sordid maneuvers to manipulate the U.N. machinery for their own ends."

Whatever slim hopes Waldheim had of winning the confidence of the Iranians ended dramatically that afternoon. As a gesture of sympathy, he had planned to tour a museum exhibition of atrocities that the government says were committed during the Shah's rule and to meet with 100 people who claim to have been crippled by the Shah's torturers. The visit was suddenly called off after about 1,000 unruly demonstrators massed in front of the building. Chanting "America, America, death to your dirty tricks," the crowd denounced the Secretary-General as a U.S. puppet. There also were shouts of "*Marg Bar Waldheim!*" (Death to Waldheim!). That evening Ghotbzadeh announced that the government had uncovered a plot against the Secretary-General's life by would-be assassins described only as outside agents with "foreign backing."

The next day the situation turned even uglier. In another attempt to mollify the Iranian public, Waldheim flew aboard an American-made Huey helicopter to the sprawling Behesht Zahra Cemetery in southern Tehran, where he intended to lay three large floral wreaths —in Iran's national colors of green, white and red—in memory of the people killed during the struggle against the Shah.

As Waldheim's helicopter landed, about 500 militants and wounded revolutionary veterans, including some cripples hopping along and waving their crutches, charged toward him, chanting: "Neither compromise nor surrender. Deliver the Shah." The Secretary-General hurriedly climbed into a bulletproof Mercedes-Benz limousine when a middle-aged man broke through a cordon of armed Revolutionary Guards and screamed: "I am the father of four martyrs! You, Mr. Waldheim, Carter's representative, look around and see the blood spilled by the Shah." Whipped into a frenzy, a mob of men, many of them wearing symbolic white burial shrouds and waving crutches and artificial limbs, closed in on the car. Waldheim was visibly frightened. But his Iranian guards opened a way through the crowd for the limousine, which darted toward the tomb of the Ayatullah Mahmoud Taleghani, who is buried among the revolutionary dead. At the gravesite, another group of Iranians dashed toward Waldheim. "Go! Go!" he shouted at his driver, who raced back to the helicopter with the crowd in pursuit.

Waldheim later tried to minimize the incident. His aide Giuliani maintained that there was "nothing unusual about the families of victims being highly emotional about what was happening." But the Secretary-General conceded that the encounter had been a harrowing experience. Said he: "Looking around, I had an unpleasant feeling and was wondering who would be at my side if something happened." That afternoon Waldheim had his second and final encounter with maimed veterans, at the former military officers' club.

He also had his last session with Iranian government officials, this time with the mullahs and secular members of the ruling Revolutionary Council. Nearly two hours later, he emerged from the private talks looking weary. Waldheim called the meeting with the council "very helpful" and said that they had "a very extensive exchange of views with the different aspects of the problem." Added Giuliani: "He never did expect a major breakthrough here. He was here to start a process and knew that it would be a fairly lengthy process."

Clearly, in the Iranian government's view, that process has not even started. Said Ghotbzadeh of Waldheim's visit: "It was not a matter of making progress, but the fact that we exchanged views." Then, signaling that nothing had changed despite nine weeks of appeals from the U.N. and almost every country in the world, the Foreign Minister added: "The basic problem is the return of the Shah." ■

Waldheim and Ghotbzadeh meeting with reporters during their talks in Tehran

"He never did expect a major breakthrough. He was here to start a process."

The Death of a Moratorium

Soviet invasion prompts Carter's rivals to attack

For two months the candidates in both political parties who seek Jimmy Carter's job had watched helplessly as Americans rallied behind the President and supported his handling of the crisis in Iran. With hostages' lives in danger, most of Carter's opponents restlessly refrained from making any partisan criticism. But the Soviet invasion of Afghanistan changed everything, and last week any moratorium on presidential politicking ended with a bang.

In a burst of candor that will haunt him through his whole campaign, Carter provided an opening for his opponents to accuse him of being an innocent in the harsh world of global politics. When the President conceded to ABC's Frank Reynolds that "my opinion of the Russians has changed most drastically in the last week, [more] than even in the previous 2½ years," his admission was quickly seized upon. Within Carter's own party, Peter Edelman, chief adviser on issues for Candidate Ted Kennedy, called the President "extraordinarily naive" in his "lack of appreciation of what the Soviets are all about." More obliquely, Senator Kennedy made a similar point. Said he: "I am deeply concerned that our foreign policy is out of control—that all we can do is react to events that constantly take us by surprise."

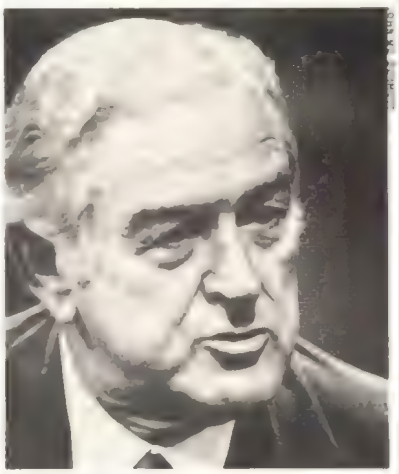
Jerry Brown, the other major Democratic contender, criticized Carter for withdrawing from the scheduled debate with Kennedy and himself in Des Moines this week. The President argued that he should keep out of "partisan political" activity during the crisis in Iran. Brown, who had hoped to use the forum to show he belonged in the same league as his rivals, accused Carter of "ducking the debate and using Iran as his excuse."

With the Soviet tanks rolling across Afghanistan, Carter's Republican foes eagerly ripped into the President's handling of U.S.-Soviet policy. "It's time to take the gloves off," declared Bill Brock, the Republican National Chairman. "Mr. Carter's policy of patience is a policy of deception. It only works to conceal our weakness in the world."

As the G.O.P. front runner, Ronald Reagan had been helped by the moratorium, since his rivals could not exploit the foreign policy issues as a means of gaining on him. But last week Reagan opened up. He scoffed at Carter's new views of the Soviets. Reagan told TIME: "The only thing that surprises me is that the President is surprised." He added: "President Carter has finally admitted to a truth most Americans have been aware of for some time—the Soviet leaders are not to be trusted."

BAKER: "I would tell the Russians . . ."

BROCK: "A policy of deception"



CONNALLY: "A policy of appeasement"

Games of trying to out-macho each other?

John Connally emerged from a briefing at the State Department to declare: "I have a greater sense of foreboding than I had when I came in." He charged that Carter had followed "a policy of appeasement" toward the Soviet Union. Campaigning in New Hampshire, the Texan had earlier claimed that Carter was "failing to recognize the facts of life. He should be trying to mobilize the whole world against the Soviet Union. All we're doing is deploring. If we sit here piously hoping for the best, we're going to get the worst." As for Iran, Connally advocated setting a deadline for release of the hostages and called for "disruptions" of Iran's oil production if it was not met. He did not say how this would be done.

George Bush said he felt "an increasing frustration and sense of urgency" about the U.S. position in the world. But he also vowed not to join other candidates in trying to "out-macho each other" by urging ever tougher action by the U.S. Said he: "I'm not going to play that game of 'I'll mine one harbor,' then the other guy says, 'I'll mine one harbor and bomb one airfield.' "

Howard Baker declared: "We will not be able to avoid future Irans until the U.S. re-establishes the fact that it protects its vital interests by whatever means necessary. I would tell the Russians that the time is over when we will tolerate adventuristic Russian foreign policy." Bob Dole assailed Carter's lack of decisive action in Iran, and claimed that the President bears a "heavy responsibility" for the seizure of the U.S. embassy.

But Carter controls the headlines and television, as he demonstrated again last Friday when he addressed the nation on Iran and Afghanistan. The Republicans face the difficult question of knowing how far to go in attacking Carter without going so far that they build sympathy for the man in the White House. Additionally, the public was aware that none of the candidates had put forth a constructive plan of his own for handling either the Iran or Afghanistan crisis. These concerns were certainly on the minds of Connally, Baker, Bush, Dole, Philip Crane and John Anderson when they debated with one another last Saturday in Des Moines. (Reagan did not take part, claiming that, as an act of faith, he did not like to criticize fellow Republicans.)

Two things seemed certain last week: 1) foreign policy will loom much larger as a campaign issue than any of the candidates would have predicted two months ago and 2) Jimmy Carter's sudden rise in popular esteem, based on his cool handling of the hostage situation, could fade just about as fast if his response to the twin problems of Iran and Afghanistan is eventually viewed by the voters as being ineffective. Despite the current commanding leads of Carter and Reagan for their party's nominations, 1980 promises to be a highly volatile political year. ■

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The World's Double Standard

To Americans, the world's judgment seems to be rigged up to a perverse double standard. Let only a rumor waft through, a propagandist's mischievous fantasy about the CIA's organizing the attack on the Sacred Mosque at Mecca, and rioters swarm like film extras against U.S. consulates from Turkey to India; in Islamabad, Pakistan, two Americans die and the embassy goes up in flames. Let the U.S. admit the deposed Shah for temporary medical treatment, and the Tehran embassy, with all occupants, becomes the property of overheated Shi'ite gunmen. But let four Soviet divisions move in to take possession of another country, and the world's response is somehow muted; the full orchestra of international outrage declines to perform.

Something in these allocations of censure strikes Americans as profoundly unfair. Through their anger over Iran and Afghanistan, there also runs a thin current of self-pity. It bewilders Americans to be hated. It astonishes them to come off second best in a moral comparison with the Soviet Union, with the keepers of the Gulag and the Lubianka, with the oafish jailers of Eastern Europe.

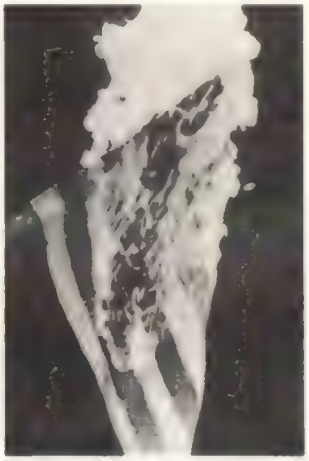
More than merely the Third World's resentment is involved. Americans in a vulnerable time detect even in allies and neighbors a certain selfishness; they experience the little chill a man feels when old friends stop answering his calls. Japan initially responds to the crisis in Tehran by trying to buy up as much Iranian oil as possible. Mexico's President José López Portillo gives Jimmy Carter lectures on American behavior; at a crucial moment he refuses to accept the Shah back into his country, despite earlier promises of refuge. Western Europe wants the protection of the American nuclear umbrella but parades a fastidious ambivalence about it.

American sensitivities have been sharpened by the spectacle of the Ayatullah's disgracefully successful tent show. But a nation that lives in a surfeit of images and excitements may have a short memory. Since the U.S. emerged as a superpower at the end of World War II, certain conventions of the historical art form—the assault on the U.S. embassy and the U.S.I.A. library, Uncle Sam burning in effigy, YANKEE GO HOME on the compound walls, the vilification of the "paper tiger"—have become so habitual as to represent a rich tradition. Anti-Americanism has grown in direct proportion to American influence in the world. For Americans now to become so agitated about anti-Americanism bespeaks not strength but skittishness, a faintly disagreeable tendency to ask: "Why are they picking on us? Why don't they pick on the Russians? How did we get to be the bad guys?"

The answers to those questions are historical, cultural, psychological and fascinating. The Soviets and the Americans have gone forth into the world with bizarrely different styles. They have aroused utterly different expectations and fears.

If the strongest anti-Americanism flourishes in the Third World, the most intense historical indictment of the U.S. focuses upon its habit of supporting right-wing anti-Communists, often dictators, against revolutionaries. The U.S. backed Chiang Kai-shek in China, Syngman Rhee in Korea, Diem in Viet Nam —followed by Ky and Thieu. It went along with the colonels in Greece, the Salazar regime in Portugal, on the theory—often correct but sometimes too lazily embraced—that such regimes were the only alternative to Communism. The U.S. has loosed the CIA to perform unsavory readjustments of leadership here and there. Americans have too often forgotten John Stuart Mill's thought: "A government which needs foreign support to enforce obedience from its own citizens is one which ought not to exist." (It is doubtful that the Soviets ever read that passage.) Much of the Third World believes that U.S. foreign policy seeks repressive stability in regimes round the world so that American business can accumulate maximum profit. Even U.S. foreign aid is taken not as charity but as a kind of reparations fund for offenses past and future. Aside from the usual resentment human nature feels at another's generosity, there is a Third World conviction that the U.S. is impurely promoting its own interests with aid. Few in the Third World believe that the U.S. values humanity more than money.

Russians are stolidly low-profile in their dealings with the outer world (except, of course, when they find an invasion necessary). The Soviets do make themselves obnoxious sometimes (the Egyptians threw them out in 1972), but their cultural penetration round the world is slight. One of their advantages over the U.S. is that they are represented ideologically in many countries by home-grown Communist parties. American influences, on the other hand, are everywhere, gleaming, tempting, polluting; they suggest wealth, power and a barbarically breezy insensitivity to old values. American ways seem to threaten morality and the family. They also arouse envy: the contrast between the American standard of living and that of much of the Third World can be enraging. American prosperity is a reminder of one's own poverty. John Updike's African dictator in his novel *The Coup* speaks of America as "that fountainhead of obscenity and glut." The U.S., in Third World eyes, is a cultural and economic colonialist, the heir to everything hated in the old colonial powers. The U.S. taps a primordial sense of humiliation and resentment, the memory of what was once conquered and has not yet successfully recovered.



American flag burning in Tehran

The Soviet Union is a closed and still somewhat enigmatic society. Its leaders are not believed to be sensitive to foreign opinion or outside pressure. The U.S. is regarded as a manically, foolishly open society that leaks state secrets in its newspapers, turns its wars into savage media entertainments, conducts such furious internal debates (including presidential campaigns) that its admirable democratic qualities get lost in a general chaos and indecisiveness. American responsiveness to outside pressures of all kinds actually encourages demonstrations and other anti-American gestures. In a practice bizarre to many foreign eyes, the U.S. pillories itself with an exuberant masochism; it even televises its humiliations, self-doubts, soldiers' atrocities. Then it wonders why the rest of the world joins in the denigration.

The most dangerous development in world opinion is the growing belief that the U.S. is weak, that it has lost the will to act. The demonstrative anti-Americanism of the past few weeks results in part from a sort of contemptuous assurance among rioters that the U.S. will not retaliate. Soviet embassies do not get attacked. You don't pick a fight with a man capable of killing; attack instead that forbearing, civilized gent with the smudge of self-doubt in his eyes. One Southeast Asian diplomat said with brutal scorn last week: "Like your wife, America is always around, ready to get a beating. And you get the feeling that in the end she will not divorce you."

Still, the state of anti-American agitation around the world

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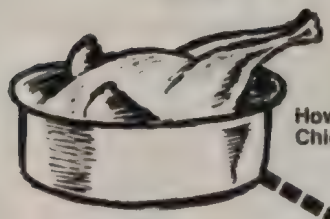

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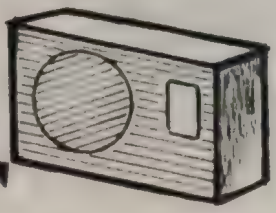

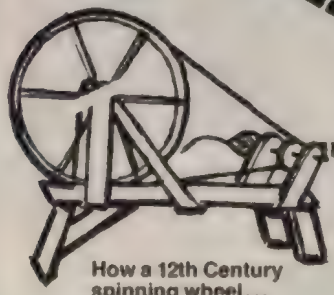

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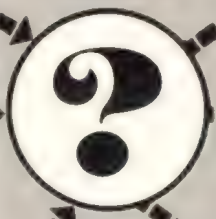

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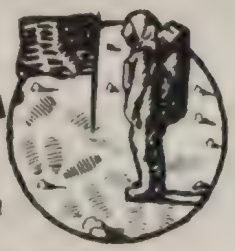

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Essay

does not accurately reflect the state of relative affection for the U.S. and the Soviet Union. Plenty of people, including most Eastern Europeans, would riot against the Soviets if they dared; Russia enjoys immunities purchased by its goonily abstracted disregard for the opinions of others. Geography also plays a part. The U.S. is thought to be so far away that the danger of retaliation seems similarly remote. In any case, the world's expectations of Russians are so much lower than of Americans that public opinion is less outraged by Soviet behavior. Russia operates in the world not with a morality but with an ideology, which it pursues with grim and slogging coherence.

It is a mistake to exaggerate foreign antipathy toward the U.S. America is a natural target for all kinds of random discontents ricocheting around on other continents; it is a handy distraction for incompetent leaders when things are not going well. Third World leaders who studied in the U.S., says Taiwan Foreign Affairs Analyst Chang King Yuh, "have found it easy to use the U.S. as scapegoat whenever they have encountered domestic difficulties, since the ammunition to use against the U.S. is so readily available." Authoritarian regimes will always be threatened by the very existence of the U.S. example. The relationship between the U.S. and many Third World countries is elaborate and even Oedipal but, along with envy and frustration, the U.S. also stirs, still, a good deal of neurotic admiration.

In a way, today's anti-Americanism is founded on a misperception. The U.S. is not so weak as many in the world—or in America—take it to be. The nation remains militarily, economically and morally powerful—in the aggregate, far more powerful than Russia. The problem is not lack of strength but a bewilderment of will. The U.S. must decide how its strength should be applied, and if it is willing to pay the inevitably high price for applying strength. French Author Louise Weiss believes that the present American predicament began in "a search for a false popularity," a product of the chagrin over the Viet Nam years. The quest should be abandoned. Americans should recognize and accept the fact that much of world opinion runs against the U.S. now. Daniel Patrick Moynihan suggested five years ago that the U.S. should assume a role of minority opposition. Ultimately, the U.S. must appeal, as it has often done successfully, to other people's self-interests. At any rate it must put together a tight, coherent and absolutely consistent body of principles that it represents and is willing to act upon. It may be that only by accepting their unpopularity will Americans have some hope of regaining the world's good opinion and respect. — ***Lance Morrow***

The Presidency/Hugh Sidey

The Lionheads Revisited

Private First Class Paul Compella's parents still live in Torrington, Conn., and when they go past the school gym named for their son who was killed in Kien Hoa province, Viet Nam, March 14, 1968, they are burdened each time with a prideful sorrow. Paul's bronze star was melted into the plaque underneath the press box. The parents think about the world. "This is not Viet Nam," says Carmine Compella. "You see the hardware the Russians put into Afghanistan? They are after that oil. We'd have a reason if we fought this war."

Colonel George Robertson, who commanded the Infantry Brigade of the Riverine Force on the Giao Thong the night of Compella's death, is retired at Sea Island, Ga., living gently off his pension and his wife's inheritance. His mind is free to pursue W.H. Auden and Thomas Love Peacock, but his soul, forged at West Point, still hears distant thunder. "Leadership is never good when it is self-conscious," he says. "The President should respond instinctively to events —but the instinct is really educated intellection, and it has to be harnessed to a natural appetite for decision."

Lieut. General George Simpson Lemming (ret.) ponders his proud military history in La Jolla, Calif. He commanded the 12th Infantry Division ("the Lionheads"), of which Robertson's Riverines were a part the night Compella died. The enemy body count for the operation was 158. Says Lemming: "The Soviet invasion of Afghanistan is a gift. The terrain would be very good, especially for armor. And there would not be any beatniks raising hell with Washington. Resupply would be difficult, but of course we could do it with the petroleum from Iran. Might as well take them over while we are at it and just say to the Russians, 'No monkey business, you understand.' "

Such is the range of sentiment these days of those who really fought the last U.S. war, or so it seems in the creative mind of Novelist Josiah Bunting. The Compellas, Robertson and Lemming are fictional characters from Bunting's superb story of that sad war, *The Lionheads*, written in 1971. Last week, on the campus of Hampden-Sydney College in Virginia, where he is president, Bunting updated his characters and their concerns. In these odd times the novelist's eye may tell us more about our emotions than the purveyors of polls

HUGH SIDEY

Josiah Bunting: An extraordinary man

Bunting is an extraordinary man. He was a Marine who went to Virginia Military Institute, became first captain, then a Rhodes scholar, fought with the Mobile Riverine Force of the 9th Infantry Division in Viet Nam, and as a major taught at West Point. He left the Army with feelings of sympathetic frustration over watching good men fight a useless war in the wrong way. He became president of Briarcliff College, wrote another novel (*The Advent of Frederick Giles*), and moved to Hampden-Sydney in 1977. His time is spent now with his students, and with Brahms, Carlyle, and a strong spirit still to be savored among those Virginia hills, Stonewall Jackson.

"For the first time in years there exists in the world a power stronger than we are and deeply hostile to us," Bunting says. "But failure of our will, the failure to act quickly and decisively, is evidence of the values in our society. We have become a nation of spectators—football, basketball and now the world."

Bunting is not calling for a careless military adventure. He had that. His is a call for strength, for purpose, for meaning. Why not some kind of national service to bolster our military and give young people some sense of obligation to their country? Why not calculated boldness in dangerous times? Why not energy conservation and a rejuvenated military machine?

The American spirit is flaccid, Bunting says. But it still breathes. The Compellas, Robertson, Lemming and, yes, Bunting yearn to be stirred.

One, Two, Three, Five . . .

Playing the numbers game in the 1980 census

Counting Americans every ten years would seem to be a noncontroversial enterprise, but the 1980 U.S. census has become immersed in politics up to its last decimal point. A growing number of people are worried about the accuracy of the tally because so much—political power as well as the distribution of billions of dollars in federal funds—is riding on the outcome. The nose count will not begin until April, but Census Director Vincent Barabba already predicts that it will be the "toughest and most scrutinized ever. Everyone is going to be watching."

Census Bureau Chief Vincent Barabba in his statistics-studded office

At stake: political power in Congress and billions of dollars in federal aid.

The U.S. Constitution requires a census every decade so that there will be a basis for reapportioning seats in the House of Representatives. During the past ten years, people have been migrating from the traditionally Democratic urban centers to the suburbs and rural areas, where the vote is more likely to be Republican. The Democrats are pressing the Census Bureau to make sure that all big-city residents are counted. Republicans are urging the bureau to see that people are not overlooked down on the farm. If the Census Bureau's predictions check out, New York will decline in population by only 2.7%, but lose four of its 39 House seats. Meanwhile, California, Texas and Florida will each gain two.

The second concern about the census arises because federal funds are distributed according to population. Minority groups argue that they have not been receiving their fair share because they were undercounted in the last census. The bureau estimates that its survey missed 5.3 million people, or 2.5% of the population. Most of those overlooked in the census live in metropolitan areas; the rate for missing blacks was 7.7%, compared with 1.9% for whites. Every person left out of the final count can cost a state as much as $200 a year in federal grants.

This year the bureau will take special pains to get the count as accurate as possible. The census will cost about $1 billion, compared with the $221.6 million spent in 1970. Part of the rise is due to inflation and part to the need to cover a larger population, but millions will be spent on projects like hiring community workers who are at home in crowded urban areas, where the count has been difficult to conduct. More extensive questionnaires will be used this year, and for the first time they will be available in Spanish. More money will be spent on advertising, including pleas for cooperation that will appear on calendars and restaurant place mats. The slogan: "We're counting on you. Answer the census."

Every known household—defined as a single person, a family, or people living together as a unit—will receive a questionnaire by mail. About 90% will be asked to send back their completed forms; the remaining 10%, living for the most part in remote rural areas where returns in the past have been poor, will be instructed to keep their forms until they are picked up by a census taker.

If a household does not mail back a questionnaire, it will be sought out by one of the census takers, called enumerators. Judging from the past, they may have trouble. The counters often run into suspicious or hostile people who slam the door in their faces or even threaten them physically. Discouraged enumerators may then indulge in what is called curbstoning, making up phony statistics. This year the enumerators will face additional problems. Since more married women are working (50%, compared with 40% in 1970), fewer will be home during the day to provide the census taker with information.

The hardest group of all to count accurately is the illegal aliens, who have always been considered the same as citizens in computing a state's seats in the House or its federal benefits. Estimates of the number of illegal aliens in the U.S. run as high as 12 million, compared with a rough figure of 2 million in 1970. These aliens are difficult to count because they fear that any information gathered about them will be turned over to the U.S. Immigration and Naturalization Service, which will then order them out of the country. The Census Bureau is using community groups in an effort to persuade aliens that all its records are confidential.

Some critics object to the counting of illegal aliens on the grounds that this gives an unfair advantage to states where they are most abundant: California, New York, Florida, Texas. Last month the Federation for American Immigration Reform, a nonprofit organization working to end illegal immigration, filed a lawsuit charging that including illegal aliens in the census violates the U.S. Supreme Court's one-man, one-vote decision.

Jimmy Carter has not encouraged confidence in the census. The Civil Service Reform Act of 1978, which was passed with his active support, extended the merit system for the selection of Government workers. But Carter is allowing local Democratic organizations to recommend a large number of the 275,000 census takers. "We will ask Democratic politicians for lists of recruits, but not Republicans," says Barabba, who happens to be a Republican. Appointed originally by President Richard Nixon, he served as census director from 1973 to 1976, and was renamed to the job last June. Barabba defends the 1980 hiring process on the grounds that the jobs have always been handled on a patronage basis. He argues that it would be too cumbersome to screen all employees through civil service.

G.O.P. National Chairman Bill Brock calls the patronage approach "a blatant political effort to rig the count." Says he: "Allowing the political machine in Chicago to count the people in underpopulated districts is issuing a license to steal." Replies Barabba: "If there is an organized effort to rig the totals, our checking procedure will catch it." Perhaps. But, say Republicans, don't count on it. ■

From the Heart

Iowans harvest refugee aid

They call it the heartland, a term with appropriate connotations. When the Vietnamese boat people came to the U.S. last spring, the state of Iowa actively sought 1,500 for resettlement. When Governor Robert Ray toured Cambodian refugee camps in Thailand and returned with tales of starving children, offers of aid from Iowans flooded the statehouse, the Des Moines *Register* and churches. The interest was so great that just before Thanksgiving the Governor announced a program called Iowa Shares, an acronym for Iowa Sends Help to Aid Refugees and End Starvation.

People were asked to donate money in multiples of $2.20, the approximate price of a bushel of corn, but no one worried much about making the math come out even. Some farmers took their corn to grain elevators and asked the operators to forward the cash to Iowa Shares. One woman and her husband sent in $80 and her engagement ring. Iowa Shares kept the money but sent back the ring. In Dubuque, high schools sponsored a dance. Eric Sharp, 9, gave the $50 that his parents were going to spend for his Christmas presents.

"We probably could have raised more money if we had gone to the corporations for big donations," says Ken Quinn, an assistant to Ray. "But we wanted all of the people of the state involved." In just a month, Iowans contributed $250,000. On Christmas Eve a ten-truck convoy loaded with rice, salted fish, soybeans, sugar and medical supplies left Bangkok for the Thai-Cambodian border. On Christmas Day, William Simbro, a reporter for the Des Moines *Register*, met in a jungle clearing with representatives from Sok Sann, a refugee settlement just inside Cambodia, and presented them with some surgical instruments. The rest of the supplies reached Sok Sann last week.

Back in Iowa, the money keeps coming in. At week's end Iowa Shares had raised almost $500,000, and supplies and medical personnel are being sent to other refugee camps in Thailand.

Not all aid attempts have been as successful as Iowa Shares. Some 50,000 tons of food and medical supplies have been shipped to Phnom-Penh and Kompong Som in Cambodia by relief agencies throughout the world. But Cambodia's government is holding up distribution because of fears the aid will end up in the hands of Khmer Rouge rebels. "Most of it is still in warehouses," says Lincoln Bloomfield, head of the National Security Council's Office of Global Affairs.

Last week the U.N.'s World Food Program announced that it would halt shipments until the present stockpile is cleared. Bloomfield calls the situation "unbelievably tragic." Says he: "If there's no improvement in the next month, we'll be reaching a crisis point." ■

MIKE WARD

Champion Spotter James Vardaman taking a gander near his Mississippi home

Takes One to Know One

A rare bird flies in pursuit of a wild record

His quest began at precisely one second past midnight on Jan. 1, 1979, when he spotted a barn owl in Florida City, Fla. His mission, admittedly, was in part a wild goose chase, but it was a snowy plover chase and a glossy ibis chase as well. For James Vardaman, 58, had decided that he would spend 1979—from New Year's Day to New Year's Eve—trying to become the first person to sight 700 different species of birds in North America within one year. "Hot damn!" he remembers saying when he thought of the idea. "That's my kind of challenge."

And a challenge it was. There are only about 650 species that customarily breed in North America, along with another 50 that visit frequently and another 100 or so that fly by occasionally. Only seven bird watchers have spotted 700 different species on the continent—and they did so over their lifetimes.

The owner of a timber management firm in Jackson, Miss., Vardaman consulted ornithologists for the best birding areas around the U.S. He hired local guides to point out species to him. On one memorable January day near Point Reyes, Calif., Vardaman sighted 111 different varieties. Every two weeks he mailed out a newsletter to 1,150 "birders," as the devotees call themselves, asking them to call him collect with news of rare species in their regions ("Ask for Birdman"). He hired planes and boats and bushwacked through the woods of northern Minnesota. He flew to Alaska four times and spent 14 days on Attu, a bleak island in the Aleutians, where he saw the green sandpiper. On July 27 he surpassed the previous one-year record by spotting bird No. 658, an American woodcock, near a ditch in Chicago. In early December he flew to Texas in successful pursuit of the white-collared seed-eater. That brought him up to 697.

Christmas came and passed, and Vardaman was still three birds short of 700. Then came word of sightings of three more varieties: a skua in Ocean City, Md., a stripe-headed tanager in Miami and a golden-crowned warbler in Brownsville, Texas. Vardaman dashed to Ocean City on Dec. 28, spotted the skua and was on his way to Florida and Texas when he learned that the birds had flown. He was still tempted to check for himself, but decided otherwise. "To hell with it," he says. "It was New Year's Eve, and I was dead tired."

Vardaman thus closed the year with 698 sightings. He had spent 170 days and logged 161,331 miles: 137,145 by plane, 20,305 by auto, 3,337 by boat, 384 on foot and 160 on bicycle. His odyssey cost $35,000 and put a strain on his marriage. "I would have sold him for a dime," says his wife Virginia, "when he went off to Alaska and left me for weeks with the kids."

Vardaman's pell-mell efforts were also ridiculed by leading bird watchers. Les Line, editor of *Audubon* magazine, complained that Vardaman's venture "has more to do with sport than with nature or the beauty of birds. It's not an appreciation of nature—it's a game." Line likened Vardaman's pursuit to "counting out-of-state license plates."

Such grousing leaves Vardaman unruffed. His next project is to sight more than 5,000 varieties of birds around the world in one year. Meanwhile, he can comfort himself with the thought that he did find two more birds of a different feather in 1979. On the last day of the year, a neighbor gave him a bottle of Wild Turkey whisky with a paper bird wired to its neck. That gave him 700 after all. ■

ZIMBABWE RHODESIA

"Zimbabwe, We Love You"

As the rebels stream in from the bush, only scattered violence mars the truce

Slowly they emerged from their sanctuaries deep in the African bush. Some were barefoot local fighters, clad in ragged shirts and frayed pants, clutching worn, dusty AK-47 machine guns. Others were elite commandos, wearing crisp camouflage fatigues, polished combat boots and leather holsters, bandoleers of machine-gun bullets slung over their shoulders. A few even sported gleaming Soviet medals on their breast. Startled whites stared in anxious silence or menacingly shook their fists as they passed by. But in the villages and urban townships, thousands of Rhodesian blacks gleefully hailed their return with an exultant chant: "Zimbabwe, we love you!"

Soames greets returning rebels (above); three more come in from the bush

The "boys," as they were affectionately called by supporters, were the members of the ZIPRA and ZANLA guerrilla forces that constitute the Patriotic Front alliance. Their seven-year war for black home rule was ending as they trekked into 16 assembly points in accordance with the British-sponsored cease-fire plan signed last month at London's Lancaster House.

The plan, which took effect last week, would confine the guerrillas to their scattered assembly camps and the Rhodesian security forces to their 42 relatively central military bases until an independent Zimbabwe government is formed after February's majority-rule elections. Monitoring the truce, under the supervision of British Governor Lord Soames, are 1,200 Commonwealth troops, drawn from Britain, Australia, Fiji, New Zealand and Kenya.

Though the guerrillas arrived in alarmingly low numbers during the first few days, an eleventh-hour surge brought some 17,000 fighters—virtually all the guerrillas the British had estimated were in Rhodesia—into the assembly camps by the Jan. 4 deadline. The bulk of the returnees were members of Robert Mugabe's ZANLA forces; the others were ZIPRA troops loyal to Joshua Nkomo. Considering the great physical difficulties faced by the guerrillas, some of whom marched more than a hundred miles over difficult terrain, it was an extraordinarily impressive turnout. Governor Soames, while refusing a Patriotic Front request to extend the assembly deadline, indicated that he would take no immediate action against late-arriving guerrillas. Indeed, he could hardly condemn only the Front's few stragglers, since it was the Rhodesian security forces who seemed to be dragging their feet in returning to their bases, and some units continued to carry out unauthorized military missions in defiance of the truce.

Soames showed far less tolerance toward other, more serious cease-fire breaches last week. Reacting to the reported infiltration of 600 to 700 ZANLA insurgents from Mozambique, he ordered Rhodesian troops into action along the country's eastern border. In another flagrant cease-fire violation, ten guerrillas attacked a white farm near the northwestern town of Sinoia, precipitating a clash with Rhodesian paramilitary police that left seven insurgents dead. The Commonwealth monitoring force suffered its first combat-related casualties when a Land-Rover detonated a mine, injuring a British soldier and a senior Patriotic Front field commander. The precarious truce was also marred by some 180 scattered incidents of banditry and lawlessness, from murder and kidnaping to armed robbery and cattle rustling. Patriotic Front officials insisted they were the acts of armed thugs rather than bona fide guerrillas.

For all the difficulties, the week-old cease-fire had already accomplished what the white Salisbury government of Ian Smith and the biracial regime of Bishop Abel Muzorewa had spectacularly failed to do: scale down the bloodshed and bring large numbers of guerrillas peacefully out of the bush. Compared with a weekly average of about 200 deaths before the truce took effect, last week's total of twelve was an improvement that boosted the morale of many war-weary Rhodesians. "It's working!" exclaimed a jubilant African shopkeeper near the Mozambique border. "Everybody's happy. I'm even sleeping at night."

Perhaps the most significant test of

the cease-fire was taking place at the assembly camps where the returning guerrillas were making their first nervous contacts with Commonwealth monitors. At Alpha Camp near the northeastern border, arriving ZANLA soldiers tended to huddle by themselves, smiling and joking, sometimes almost conspiratorially, always skittishly. Some bunked down in the 30-man tents supplied by the U.S. Army. Most preferred to move out of the unfenced camp quietly at night, sleeping deep in the covered bush where they still felt more secure.

Some continued to show open hostility toward their white hosts. Others worked actively to bring in more comrades, help remove land mines and defuse local confrontations. They even happily discussed the improbable prospect of future football matches between guerrillas and British officers. Explained British Major Christopher Lehardy, commander of Alpha Camp: "We're trying to be sympathetic and yet remain neutral. The guerrillas are still very unsure of things. They are not trained to live like soldiers in barracks, and having to rely on other people for even their food and water is a new experience. Ultimately somebody has to take his partner's hand."

Many camps reported predictable problems of adjustment to the cease-fire: guerrillas grumbling about insufficient rations or insisting on rambunctious "victory marches." One ZIPRA officer at the "Papa" assembly point briefly commandeered a local farmer's beat-up Datsun pickup as his "staff car." But most of the returning rebels showed a firm commitment to the orderly peace process endorsed by their leaders. Said John Muchapesa, a senior ZANLA liaison officer at Alpha Camp: "We are guerrilla orphans Ending a war is very hard, but the British are now our commanders."

Encouraging signs from the field could not obscure the contentious political issues that will sorely test the cease-fire during the coming electoral campaign. No fewer than eleven African parties have registered for the February poll, and incidents of intimidation were already appearing in the townships: four supporters of Bishop Muzorewa, who will be the Front's main rival, were ordered jailed for four years each last week for political violence, and eight others were sentenced to fines and suspended prison terms. In another apparent act of pre-election terrorism, the wife of a top Mugabe party official, James Bassapo-Moyo, was seriously wounded by a grenade fired into their house near Salisbury

Fearing an escalation of political violence, Soames asked both Mugabe and Nkomo to delay their own arrivals into Salisbury. When the two leaders do return, under heavy security, they are almost certain to arouse huge popular demonstrations. Obviously Soames was not yet prepared to risk the possible hostility that might also greet them. ■

"This War Must End"

"We have been fighting so that the people could express their will. That is what the country has won." So said General Lookout Masuku, 40, commander of the 15,000-man ZIPRA forces loyal to Joshua Nkomo's wing of the Patriotic Front. The guerrilla general had arrived in Salisbury to oversee the peaceful withdrawal of his men to their cease-fire assembly camps. Following the death of ZANLA Commander Josiah Tongogara in a car crash two weeks ago, Masuku remains a key military figure in the guerrilla leadership. In an exclusive interview with TIME Johannesburg Bureau Chief William McWhirter, conducted in an unassuming dormitory he shares with officers of Robert Mugabe's ZANLA forces, somewhere in Salisbury, Masuku provided a personal account of one of Africa's bloodiest guerrilla wars and of his own commitment to ending it. McWhirter's report:

It is a soldier's room, small, spartan, the single bed made up as tautly as if it were still awaiting the morning inspection. He is dressed in camouflage fatigues and parade-polished black boots with a small pistol tucked into a leather hip holster. For him, the long war began more than 16 years ago, when he first left Rhodesia as the son of a poor carpenter to join the little bands that first took up guerrilla training.

Guerrilla Commander Lookout Masuku

Since then, traveling clandestinely, fighting under a series of aliases, he had witnessed the spreading of guerrilla warfare through the Third World from his earliest political and military indoctrination under Soviet tutelage to later field experience in the Viet Nam of General Vo Nguyen Giap. "I behaved like any other youth," the poor boy turned general says in fluent English, recalling the original conviction behind his career. "We wanted to vote and to be able to choose our own destiny. Instead, parties were banned, people were arrested and killed, and there was nothing left but to wage an armed struggle."

Masuku firmly denies a prevailing view among Rhodesian whites that his men have often lapsed into near terrorism bent on intimidating the peaceful African population. Says he: "Only if you treat the population with respect do you find it easier to fight the enemy. We are fighting for the liberation of these people. If we kill them, whom are we going to rule?"

Masuku admits that there were killings spawned by lawlessness, banditry and blackmail, but insists that soldiers responsible for such acts were treated as "outcasts" and turned over to "disciplinary committees." There were also summary executions of African "informers," he explains: "An informer is more dangerous than someone who is carrying a gun." But those, says Masuku, were sentenced according to disciplined channels of command.

In any case, risks and casualties have been high on the guerrilla side as well, he says, and Masuku has had his share of personal tragedy. During the daring Rhodesian army raid last April that destroyed Nkomo's home and party offices in Lusaka, the capital of neighboring Zambia, the general and his family were fired on from a roadside ambush as they dashed for safety in their car The little finger of Masuku's left hand was blown off, but typically it was the innocent who suffered most: his wife and three-year-old son are still hospitalized.

Like some white Rhodesian officers, Masuku believes that it is time for peace. Says he: "We are here because everybody realizes that there is no sense in going on killing people. If we have to, we are determined to carry the war to its final conclusion. But both sides have agreed to free and fair elections and we will abide by what the people want. Our interest is to see that this war must be brought to an end." Outside the room his personal sentries walk slowly back and forth

TURKEY

A New Year's Warning

As terrorism runs wild, the military gets impatient

In Turkey the shadow of the military has never receded very far from politics. Last week it suddenly loomed larger and closer than usual. The country's military leaders issued a stern warning to the politicians to get together and resolve the country's manifold crises—especially its rampant terrorism—before it is too late. The warning was contained in a special memorandum delivered on New Year's Day to President Fahri Korutürk and later broadcast. It was signed by the chief of staff, General Kenan Evren, as well as the commanders of the army, navy, air force and national gendarmerie. The memorandum demanded that the politicians "join hands as soon as possible" to stamp out "anarchy, terror and separatism."

There was no explicit "or else" clause, but then none was really needed. The warning served as an immediate reminder of the fact that twice in the past two decades, in 1960 and again in 1971, the armed forces had taken over the country. "This is a serious situation," admitted conservative Premier Süleyman Demirel, who has been in office only since Nov. 19. Said left-of-center Opposition Leader Bülent Ecevit, Demirel's predecessor as Premier: "The crisis has assumed a new dimension."

With Iran obviously in mind, the generals also pointedly castigated those "who would like to return to Islamic law," as well as "those who sing the Communist *Internationale* instead of our national anthem." They showed their concern, too, over events in Afghanistan, expressing alarm over "developments in the Middle East [that] at any moment can develop into a hot war." As one Washington analyst summed up the Turkish military's entrance on the political stage, "The soldiers are telling the civilians that they have one last chance to put politics aside and look reality in the face."

The generals clearly had been provoked by an ugly outbreak of Turkey's apparently incurable disease: political violence. The week before New Year's, in defiance of the martial law in force in 19 of Turkey's 67 provinces, the left-leaning, 150,000-member national teachers union called a nationwide strike. The result: six people were killed and more than 3,500 students and teachers were detained in clashes between strikers and government forces in Istanbul, Ankara and the Mediterranean city of Adana. In Ankara, when police and troops pursued rioters into the teeming, jerry-built slums outside the city, some demonstrators opened fire on them with machine guns.

The latest mayhem brought the death toll from two years of extremist violence in Turkey to more than 2,500. Eight to ten people have been killed each day since Demirel, 55, became Premier. The combatants in the daily armed street battles are from both extremes. On one side are rightist gangs like the "Gray Wolves," often associated with the National Action Party, an ultraconservative group. On the other are the more numerous leftist, often campus-based, organizations such as the Marxist-Leninist Armed Propaganda Squad and the Turkish Workers and Peasants Liberation Army. There have also been signs, some of them ominous, of a possible fundamentalist Muslim revival. In November, for example, Muslim gangs demonstrated against Americans in Izmir and other cities after false radio reports that the U.S. had been behind the seizure of the Sacred Mosque in Mecca.*

One major cause of Turkey's political polarization and consequent violence is economic. Turkey has still not pulled away from the edge of bankruptcy that it faced last year, when 24 predominantly Western nations promised it $1.5 billion in emergency assistance. Since then inflation has soared to an annual rate close to 100%, unemployment continues to hover stubbornly around 20% and industry, because of oil and other raw material shortages, is running at less than 50% capacity.

Some observers believe that the sheer intractability of Turkey's economic woes may be the surest deterrent to a military takeover: the generals themselves do not believe they have any solutions. Another restraining factor may be the delicate state of U.S.-Turkish negotiations and the question of U.S. use of Turkish bases. In 1975 the U.S. imposed an arms embargo on Turkey as a penalty for its 1974 invasion of Cyprus. In return, Ankara closed down four of the U.S.'s 26 bases and listening posts in the country. When Congress lifted the embargo in 1978, Turkey received new U.S. arms shipments and reciprocated by reopening four of the American bases for a period that ends Jan. 9. Now both sides are confident of initialing a new arms/bases agreement before the deadline. Accordingly, the military would be reluctant to take any action—like a coup—that might invite a new U.S. arms embargo.

Meanwhile, there seemed little likelihood of the political unity that the memorandum seemed to call for. The personal animosity between Demirel and the intellectual Ecevit, who have exchanged the premiership six times since 1974, seems to rule out a so-called grand coalition alliance between Demirel's right-of-center Justice Party and Ecevit's left-of-center Republican People's Party. Yet there was one sign of a benefit from the memorandum. As the Assembly last week began discussing tougher antiterrorism legislation, Ecevit announced that his party would support the package with only minor changes. If that sort of cooperation should also fail, Turkey's military could well feel compelled to install its own system of government. ■

Student demonstrators forced to lie down in the street after arrest in Istanbul

A warning to the politicians to stamp out anarchy, terror and separatism.

*Turkey's relations with Iran are nonetheless strained. Ankara last month recalled the families of its Iran-based diplomats after the Ayatullah Khomeini declared, "The regimes of Egypt, Iraq and Turkey are standing up thanks to bayonets."

ITALY

Communism with a Long Face

The party's mayors have delivered a lot less than they promised

In the piazza in front of Naples' city hall, a group of leftists waved banners and chanted angry slogans, demanding that the mayor take action to give them jobs. "Enough of promises!" they cried. "Give us work!" Inside his office, in a palace that dates back to the last of Naples' Bourbon rulers, Mayor Maurizio Valenzi, 70, was trying to explain his city's problems over the din of the protesters. Valenzi is anything but a Bourbon; he is, in fact, a Communist, one of a score of Communist mayors elected to office in major Italian cities in the party's wave of election victories in 1975 and 1976. Like most of the others, he is decidedly frustrated, because as a group Italy's Communist mayors have been no more successful at solving urban problems than their centrist or right-wing predecessors.

The mayors came to power with lavish promises and high hopes of curing unemployment, housing shortages and a host of other blights that bedevil Italian urban centers. A model government in Bologna, successfully run by Communists since 1945, had inspired millions of voters to believe that the Communists were brilliant city managers. Riding the wave of that single reputation, the party hoped to produce showpiece regimes that would help catapult the Communists to national power by the sheer force of local example.

In practice, however, the newer mayors have proved largely helpless in dealing with the country's deep-rooted economic and social ills, which have only worsened since the Communist Party won 34.1% of the national vote in 1976. Italians who had hoped for instant results, in fact, have been quick to register their disappointment at the polls: earlier this year the party suffered a wrenching loss of four percentage points in the Chamber of Deputies.

Expectations were obviously too high, as Valenzi's Naples shows only too well. Despite the mayor's efforts to build employment, Naples still has the highest proportion of jobless in Italy, 84,000, or 14% of the labor force. While able-bodied men seek jobs, employers farm out work to be done illegally in household sweatshops, where women and children toil for minuscule wages without benefit of social security, labor laws or other protection.

TIME Rome Bureau Chief Wilton Wynn reports that the housing shortage in this city of 1.2 million is so bad (an average 2.8 persons to a room, four to a room in the worst slums) that one newly married couple was forced to live separately, the bride with her parents, the groom with his. The couple found privacy for lovemaking only in their tiny Fiat, parked on a dark street. But even so triumphant a *Fiat accompli* was rudely interrupted last month by bandits who held up the pair while they were enjoying their cramped privacy.

If Karl Marx were to visit Italy's capital of Rome, he would be undone by what the Romans do under a Communist administration. Communist Mayor Luigi Petroselli, 47, and his Communist predecessor have pushed forward a slum clearance program that has won only the enmity of the city's poor. Instead of being grateful, families that were moved into new apartment buildings in Rome from shantytowns outside the capital complained that they had to pay city taxes and electric bills. Formerly, the shantytown dwellers had obtained free electricity by tapping power lines. They also complained that apartment living made it impossible to keep the kitchen gardens and chicken coops to which they were accustomed. Critics have thus charged the Communists with seeking to impose middle-class solutions to housing problems without regard for the people's life-style.

Among the Communist administration's more popular projects has been a vast open-air entertainment festival, dubbed Roman Summer, that has brought the capital concerts and ballroom dancing in public parks. The program has been singularly successful, so much so that it has tended to show up the Communist regime's failures by comparison. Says a former public health service physician: "In a city where mail remains undelivered, garbage litters the streets, schools are infested with lice, and terror and crime stalk the streets, the only thing the Communists gave us is dancing in the park."

By contrast, in the northern industrial center of Turin, Communist Mayor Diego Novelli, 48, has at least solved his city's disastrous schoolroom shortage. In Turin, swollen with immigrant laborers from Italy's south, classrooms were so rare 4½ years ago that students had to attend in two and sometimes three shifts. Now all put in a full day. Since 1975 (when Novelli was elected), the city has built 1,159 new classrooms and opened 267 kindergartens and 34 municipal nurseries.

Novelli's biggest single headache is a monstrous migraine: terrorism. As the home of Fiat's giant works, Turin is targeted by the radical left as the stronghold of Italian capitalism. Three weeks ago, still another Fiat official was almost routinely shot in the legs as he walked to his home in a Turin suburb. The "kneecapping" was the city's 124th terrorist attack to take place in 1979. Novelli insists that this pattern of violence "has not interrupted the carrying out of our duties for one hour. We have given Turin a government. In the five years between 1970 and 1975 there had to be seven elections for municipal council. Even so, he acknowledges wearily, "reality has turned out to be far more complex than one could ever imagine in advance."

The failure of these Communist mayors to live up to the voters' expectations could well cost the party Naples, Rome and Turin in next year's local elections, although Novelli has perhaps a slightly better hope of remaining in office. Whatever the outcome, says University of Rome Sociologist Franco Ferrarotti, an independent leftist, "the myth of the Communists' administrative efficiency has been exposed. The Christian Democrats may be corrupt, but they have the experience of government. The Communists are simply not yet equipped to govern." ■

MAURIZIO PELLEGRINI

Protesters outside Rome's city hall; from top, Valenzi, Petroselli, Novelli

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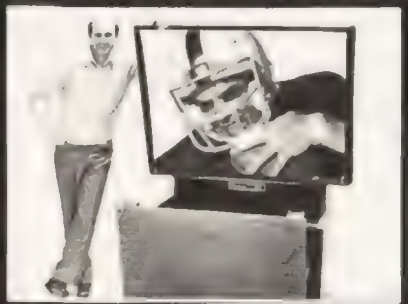

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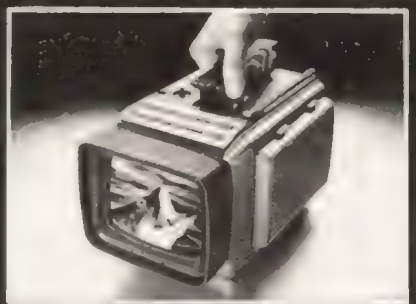

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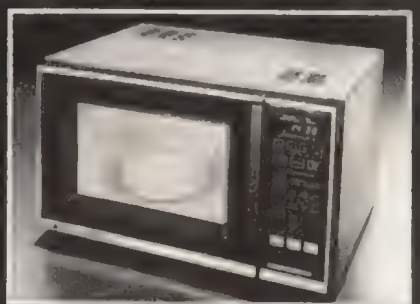

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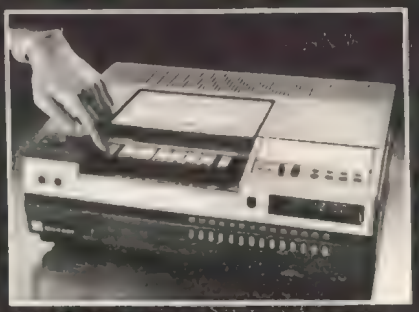

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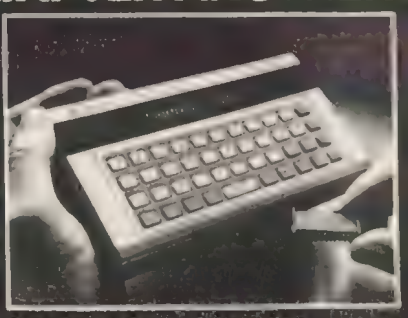

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HISTORICAL NOTES

Trotsky Letters

Plots and tenderness

Just four months before an agent of Joseph Stalin's secret police shattered his skull with an alpine axe in 1940, Bolshevik Revolutionary Leader Leon Trotsky sold his confidential correspondence to Harvard for $10,000. Last week the university's Houghton Library unveiled it. Included were Trotsky's own copies of 17,500 letters written by him and to him from 1927 to 1940, and kept under wraps ever since at Trotsky's own insistence, in order to protect his correspondents from Stalin's possible retribution.

Trotsky's letters disclose a new and fascinating personal dimension of the revolutionary genius who, as Lenin's right-hand man, led the Bolshevik armed forces in the October 1917 revolution. After Lenin's death in 1924, Trotsky lost a struggle for power to Stalin; this ended in Trotsky's banishment and Stalin's Great Purge of supposed "Trotskyites" in the late 1930s. The consequences of that savage quarrel run like a sanguinary thread throughout the Trotsky correspondence.

As the letters show, the exiled Trotsky was as indefatigable in his attempts to overthrow Stalin as Stalin was tireless in his efforts to kill Trotsky, his family and his followers. A large number of Trotsky's letters are devoted to the organizing of his own revolutionary groups outside the U.S.S.R.—even as Stalin was organizing a special unit of his far-reaching secret police, the GPU, to hunt down Trotsky's supporters, family and Trotsky himself. By 1938 his first wife and two sons had already been exterminated.

In one chilling letter sent to his second wife in 1937, Trotsky described an early attempt to assassinate him. He wrote that the wife of a pro-Stalinist official named Vishniak, who "hated the official line and showed sympathy to me personally," had warned him that Stalin wanted to finish him off "accidentally." The accident actually took place on the anniversary of the October revolution in 1927 when shots aimed at Trotsky's car missed their target and killed a militiaman.

In many respects, Trotsky underestimated Stalin, whom he dismissed as a "gray, colorless mediocrity." In the early 1930s, his letters show, Trotsky believed he would soon be restored to power in Moscow. Trotsky's secretary in the years of exile, Frenchman Jean van Heijenoort, who catalogued the letters at Harvard, told TIME Correspondent Marlin Levin that only Hitler's rise and the destruction of the German Communist Party in 1933 shattered Trotsky's hopes.

Though Trotsky has usually been regarded as a steely, unsentimental figure, the many letters to his wife Natalya reveal that he also possessed a tender side. During a brief separation from her in 1933, the 53-year-old Trotsky wrote: "What a torment it is for me not to have an old picture of yours, a picture of us together when we were young. Your image, dearest Natalya, as you were when you were young, flickers and vanishes." The aging but indomitable revolutionary added: "Obviously all these years of persecution have had a great effect on my nervous system and my memory. It seems that my brain has become thrifty, economical; it pushes out the past in order to cope with new tasks." ■

Leon Trotsky in exile in Mexico, 1937

An earlier attempt to kill him failed.

GREECE

Posh Prison

Serving time in style

With impenitent nostalgia for their heyday, the prisoners still address one another by their former titles, such as "President" and "Minister." Their cells are equipped with air conditioners, refrigerators and TV sets. Among their favorite forms of exercise: regular tennis matches, played on a well-kept court. Such is the style of life to which deposed Strongman George Papadopoulos and members of the former Greek military junta have become accustomed inside Athens' Korydallos prison, where they have been serving sentences since 1975. Details of the systematic coddling of the notorious jailbirds are contained in a recollection to be published in Athens this month, titled *Prison Diary: Korydallos 1975-79* and based on the experiences of Yannis Papathanassiou, the governor of Korydallos prison until last September.

Explaining that he wanted to "shed light on an aspect of modern Greek history," Papathanassiou reveals how the Justice Ministry itself—evidently under pressure from junta sympathizers—regularly ordered leniency and creature comforts for the special prisoners. He recalls that he had to be constantly on the alert for plots to help them escape. He indicates that some of the prisoners even managed to engage in active politicking from behind bars during the 1977 elections; they communicated through their lawyers to boost the fortunes of the right-wing National Front Party against the ruling New Democracy Party of Premier Constantine Caramanlis. At one point, the common convicts became so incensed over the preferential treatment afforded the former dictators that they rioted in protest.

The favored group, including Papadopoulos and seven others serving life terms, is housed in A-block, the prison's maximum-security wing. Papadopoulos, now 60, whom the prison guards at first timidly referred to as "the President," resides on the second floor together with members of his old regime. He conducts himself like an "Olympian god," the book says, treating his former subordinates with condescension, electing to dine in regal solitude. For a time, he kept up a correspondence with some of his former girlfriends. That did not, however, stop his wife from trying to smuggle him a ration of cognac in fruit-juice cans. It was he who persuaded the authorities to install wiring for air conditioners and other appliances in the cells, which are likened to comfortable studio apartments.

Beneath him in a solitary cell on the ground floor is Dimitrios Ioannidis, who overthrew Papadopoulos in 1973 to become dictator himself until democracy was restored in 1974. Ioannidis spends most of his time alone, reading military history and books about the CIA. Even so, he occasionally gives parties in his cell that are attended by convicted torturers, members of his despised ESA military police, who reside on the third floor. The bumpkin of the bunch, according to Papathanassiou, is former Deputy Premier Stylianos Pattakos, whose meek acceptance of abuse by fellow inmates and blind devotion to "his President" make him the butt of prison-yard jokes. Pattakos even gets pelted with tomatoes and eggs thrown by other prisoners. He takes solace in religious tracts sent to him by a Greek monk, but he is prone to fits of temper and once, Papathanassiou says, stormed into the governor's office complaining about prison regulations. In reply, Papathanassiou handed him a copy of the rule book, signed by, among others, Stylianos Pattakos. ■

Papadopoulos

THE ESSA WILD ANIMAL APPEAL

Nose to nose, Author Joy Adamson poses with *Born Free* Heroine Elsa

KENYA

The Woman Who Loved Lions

Author Joy Adamson lived free amid her animals

"Only one thing is certain," wrote Joy Adamson in her autobiography, published just last spring. "People get out of life exactly what they put into it." Joy Adamson embraced East Africa and shared her embrace with the world. During more than four decades in Kenya, she sketched and painted the region's luxuriant flowers and plants, captured portraits of its tribespeople in their fast-vanishing traditional costumes, and—most of all—made the great cats of Africa her friends. No lion on earth ever became more famous than Elsa, the cub that Adamson reared from infancy and then painstakingly trained to return to the wild. Through her book *Born Free*, its sequels and the film, Adamson made her lioness as popular and familiar as Lassie. Feeding the tiny cub with a baby bottle, pushing her on a homemade swing, nuzzling her with fearless affection, Adamson seemed more mother than keeper.

She was born Joy-Friederike Victoria Gessner in Troppau, Silesia, into the civilized elegance of the Habsburg Empire just before World War I. Even then, on the family estate, she would often accompany the resident gamekeeper through thickets filled with deer and foxes. She went on to study widely—music, dressmaking, metal crafts and premedical subjects—and in 1935 was married to an Austrian businessman. But two years later she went off on vacation to Kenya where, she recalled later, she "fell in love with this wonderful country," and stayed. A second marriage, to Botanist Peter Bally, foundered in 1944 on safari, when Joy met a British-Irish game warden named George Adamson. They were married later that same year.

Childless themselves, the Adamsons fashioned a wilderness family out of Kenya's foundling animals. In 1956, after George had shot a ferocious lioness, the couple rescued her just-born litter. The two stronger females in time went off to a Dutch zoo. Elsa, the weakest, stayed behind to become first a pet (she rode on their Land Rover roof, often slept in George's tent) and then a problem. When Elsa by chance met and roamed briefly with a pride of wild lions, the Adamsons determined to release her and let her return to freedom. In preparation for that, with seemingly endless patience, they taught Elsa to hunt and kill for food.

Elsa and the three cubs she mothered were only the Adamsons' first experiments in returning animals to the wild. George continued to work mostly with lions, including some who had performed in *Born Free*. But Joy turned in the 1960s to cheetahs, successfully de-taming an engaging creature named Pippa and launching another three books. In recent years, while plowing book and movie profits into an international conservation project called the Elsa Wild Animal Appeal, she also turned her attention to rehabilitating leopards for the wild, a project that she was on the way to completing as she approached her 70th birthday later this month.

Last week at the Shaba Game Reserve in central Kenya, as dusk fell on her camp, Joy Adamson indulged herself in her customary early evening habit: she set off, alone, on a stroll away from the camp. This time she did not return to hear the nightly news, as she always did. A search party was formed. Soon it found her lifeless body about 100 yards from the camp on a nearby trail. She had been badly mauled across the chest and an arm "by great claws," a friend reported, "no doubt a lion." ■

Milestones

MARRIED. Margaux Hemingway, 24, occasional actress; and French-born Film Maker **Bernardo Foucher,** 40; she for the second time, he for the fourth; in Margaux's native Ketchum, Idaho.

SEPARATED. Mary Tyler Moore, 42, TV sitcom queen of the '70s; and TV Producer **Grant Tinker,** 53; after 17 years of marriage.

DIED. Lieut. Colonel **John A.** ("Shorty") **Powers,** 57, whose minute-by-minute reports on America's first manned space launches made him "the voice of the astronauts" in the early 1960s; of a gastrointestinal hemorrhage; in Phoenix. Powers was a much decorated pilot in World War II, the Berlin Airlift and the Korean War before rocketing to fame as a NASA spokesman beginning in 1959. As Project Mercury's earth-bound "eighth astronaut," he contributed the phrase A-O.K. to the nation's vocabulary.

DIED. Joy Adamson, 69, Austrian-born naturalist who wrote the bestselling *Born Free;* after being attacked by a lion; on a remote game reserve in Kenya (*see* WORLD).

DIED. Richard Rodgers, 77, composer whose collaborations with Lyricists Lorenz Hart, Oscar Hammerstein II and others roused Broadway with *The Sound of Music, Carousel, Pal Joey* and three dozen other shows for six decades; in New York City (*see* MUSIC).

DIED. The Rev. **John Joseph Cavanaugh,** 80, Roman Catholic priest who served as president of the University of Notre Dame during its postwar expansion (1946-52) and who, as a friend and curate to the Kennedy family, said a Requiem Mass for the assassinated President at the White House in 1963; in South Bend, Ind.

DIED. Pietro Nenni, 88, Italian Socialist who, with Christian Democrat Alcide de Gasperi and Communist Palmiro Togliatti, founded the postwar Italian Republic; of a heart attack; in Rome. At 20, the silver-tongued Nenni was jailed for protesting Italy's invasion of Libya; his cell mate was Benito Mussolini, then a fellow Socialist. When *il Duce* came to power, Nenni, an ardent anti-Fascist, fled to France and later joined the Loyalist forces in the Spanish Civil War. After World War II he served as Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister in Italy's first postwar government. His alliance with the Communist Party and his opposition to NATO earned him the Stalin peace prize in 1951; he repudiated the award five years later, after the Soviets smashed the Hungarian revolution. In 1962 Nenni's Socialists joined the Christian Democrats in a center-left coalition that ruled for 14 years, during which he served as Deputy Prime Minister in three Cabinets.

Was It Hypnosis or Hype?

In the "Hillside Strangler" case, shrinks, as usual, differ

By the time his lawyer began plea-bargaining last October, the hard evidence was there. Kenneth Bianchi, 27, a Bellingham, Wash., security guard was indeed the Hillside Strangler, responsible for the murder of ten young women in Los Angeles from September 1977 to February 1978—as well as two later killings in Washington that resulted in his arrest. Did Bianchi act cold-bloodedly? Or was he the victim of a Jekyll-and-Hyde dual personality? Psychologist John Watkins, recommended by the defense, put Bianchi under hypnosis and elicited a confession from a sneering Mr. Hyde character who called himself "Steve Walker." But the mystery of Bianchi's supposed multiple personality became irrelevant when he avoided the death sentence by pleading guilty and agreeing to testify against his cousin and alleged accomplice, Angelo Buono. That plea rendered Bianchi competent in the eyes of the law. It also earned him six concurrent and two consecutive life sentences

Now a Los Angeles TV station has aired excerpts of video-taped sessions with Bianchi, involving Watkins and five psychiatrists (the judge picked all the experts, including two nominated by the defense, two by the prosecution). What the tapes made clear was that the shrinks were, as usual, divided. Two believed that Bianchi did indeed have a multiple personality, two were certain that he was lying, and two could not be sure. That raised further questions not only about Bianchi but about the role that psychiatrists should play in the courtroom

In one of the tapes, Bianchi, under hypnosis, revealed his painful childhood: his adoptive mother, alternately seductive and sadistic, punished him by holding his hand over the stove, physically beating him and forcing him, at age 14, to pray over his dead adoptive father's body for a week as it lay in its coffin. Watkins feels that such experiences made Bianchi a multiple personality. So does Psychiatrist Ralph Allison, who says he has studied some 50 multiple-personality cases. When asked how he knew he had found the "Steve" personality in Bianchi, Allison said simply, "I met him."

Psychiatrist Donald Lunde, recommended by the defense, agrees that Bianchi clearly went through a repression of great hostility toward his adoptive mother. But a multiple personality? Lunde is uncertain. Part of his doubt stems from viewing the tapes. "At times," he says, "there are serious questions of whether hypnosis is really going on. There's a possibility that Watkins suggested the presence of other personalities. He asks questions early on that provide a kind of guidance. In one tape, he even says, 'If there is some other part of you that wants to talk to me, I'm here to talk to you.' "

One of the prosecution's choices, Psychiatrist Saul Faerstein, goes a step further; he sees the tapes as proof that the whole hypnosis was a hype. Says he: "Bianchi was almost a caricature of a hypnotized person, with eyes closed and head bobbing—a pseudo trance." The other prosecution choice, Psychiatrist Martin Orne, staged his own "double hallucination" test of Bianchi. After trying to hypnotize the killer, Orne asked him to shake hands with an imaginary figure that he identified as Bianchi's attorney Dean Brett. Then Orne had the real Brett enter the room. Confused, Bianchi asked if Brett could be in two places.

Orne: Well, you tell me, which one is real?

Bianchi (long pause): He's real *(pointing to Brett).*

Orne: How do you know?

Bianchi: 'Cause he's not here any more *(motioning to where the imaginary Brett stood).* How can I see him in two places?

That convinced Orne that Bianchi was faking. He contends that under hypnosis Bianchi should have remained calm and been able to accept the presence of two Bretts.

Angelo Buono goes to court in late March, and his attorney plans to use the taped reports to undermine Bianchi's testimony. His contention: the tapes show that Bianchi is hopelessly disturbed or a liar, either of which strains his credibility. The prosecution thinks it can win a conviction without using the tapes. But the issue of the value of psychiatric testimony in a court of law will not be settled so soon. Admits Lunde: "You get people who say you should keep psychiatrists out of courtrooms." But, he says, "the main reason we're there is that judges and lawyers want us there." ■

Kenneth Bianchi gesturing during televised session with a psychiatrist

"If there is some other part of you that wants to talk to me, I'm here to talk to you."

Eau de Sweat

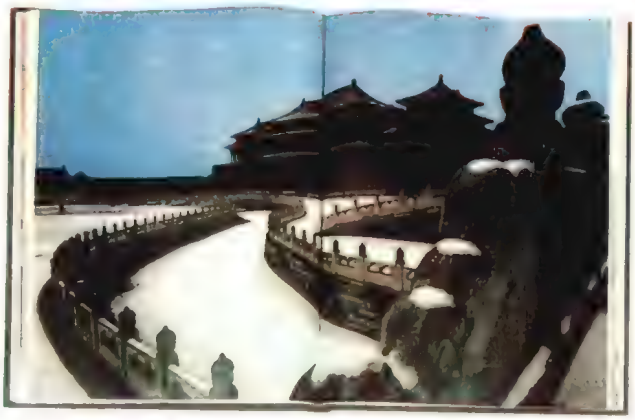
A pheromonal find

You've tried them all. Brut, English Leather . . . Old Spice. And somehow the women still turn up their noses. But don't despair. Help is on the way

Last week a British research team at the University of Warwick announced that it has isolated a steroid in the sweat of males. Highly purified, the substance smells like sandalwood oil, which is used as an ingredient in perfumes. But that is not half its charm. The researchers claim that the steroid is a pheromone, one of a group of chemicals with scents that influence behavior in many species of the animal world. Even better, it is apparently a male sex pheromone, which has a scent that attracts females. Equivalent pheromones exuded by some female insects, for example, draw males from miles around. The Warwick team does not claim such great powers for its discovery; pheromones seem to have less effect on humans than on lower animals, and one scientist notes, "What it creates between people, even strangers, is more in the nature of an immediate empathy." Still, rumor has it that perfume manufacturers are converging on Warwick in the hope of bottling the precious essence as aftershave lotion that women cannot resist. ■

To understand China today you must first uncover
the age-old secrets behind these awesome walls . . .

The Secrets of CHINA'S FORBIDDEN CITY



PASS THROUGH the gates of Peking's Forbidden City and tremble in the presence of the most cruel and capricious tyrants in all of recorded history.

Beware! As the silent Emperor and his courtiers look on, you must faultlessly perform the complicated and mandatory kneelings and prostrations. The slightest violation of protocol could result in instant death.

Do not meet the tyrant's gaze—to look into his eyes is to see for the last time. Do not speak out hastily. Before you address his majesty, you must put in your mouth a precious stone, lest your "contaminated" breath offend and infect him.

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Newsweek

444 Madison Avenue, N.Y. 10022

The Secret of Yung Lo

A ruthless opportunist he drove his own nephew into exile in order to gain the throne. Then in 1440 he ordered the Forbidden City built in strict alignment with the points of the compass and the North Star—because of his obsessive belief that his royal body was the exact center of the universe around which all celestial objects revolved.

The Secret of the Eunuchs

Drawn from the ranks of castrated criminals, these bizarre creatures wielded enormous power throughout Chinese history. Aside from the Emperor himself, only eunuchs and women were permitted to reside in the Forbidden City. During the decadent Ming Dynasty, eunuchs numbered well over 70,000 within the City walls and under their wily leader Wei Chung-hsien virtually ruled all China.

The Secret of Hung Wu

The first of the Ming Emperors, Hung Wu was a sadistic connoisseur of bizarre torture. His favorite method was to have his victim slowly sliced to death with precisely 3,357 cuts. As a refinement, after each ten cuts he allowed his victim a moment to recover the better to appreciate the next ten cuts.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health

Triumph for Tar Watchers!

Triumph shakes up the "low tars" with taste, and a lot less tar.

Don't let them fool you any more. Today's low tar with taste is not an 8 mg tar (like Merit) or an 11 (like Vantage) or a 12 (like Marlboro Lights). And it's certainly not a Carlton at 1 (which doesn't even claim to have taste).

It's a 3 mg tar Triumph. All the words in the world won't tell you how good it tastes. You'll simply have to try it. Taste it. Then ask yourself, isn't it time you came down from yesterday's "low tar" to Triumph – today's low tar.

Triumph for taste!
Only 3 mg tar.

0¹ All Brands Sold. Lowest tar 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette. Triumph 3 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Holiday Winners and Losers

A time for fun, diversion and a few tears

"Escapist entertainment is what's doing the business—whatever gets your mind off the Ayatullah." In that brief capsule, Marvin Goldman, chairman of the National Association of Theater Owners, has summed up the mood of the country. During the Christmas and New Year's holidays, always the movies' biggest weeks, Americans went to the flicks primarily for one purpose: fun and diversion. Those films that offered some of both either did well, or even better. Those that did not quickly became the ghosts of Christmas present.

The biggest bomb was Steven Spielberg's World War II farce, *1941*, which cost Universal Pictures nearly $40 million, including promotional costs. "It was overdone, overproduced, overeverything," says Goldman. "It was like building a $1 million mousetrap to catch one mouse in the kitchen." Universal's president, Sidney Scheinberg, argues that "it's too early to say" how the picture will do and suggests that neither Universal nor Columbia, who co-financed the film, will lose any money. Yet movie analysts reckon that the film may have to gross as much as $100 million before the studios can recoup their investment. So far, *1941* has done only $15 million and is fading fast.

The season's two science-fiction pictures, *Star Trek* and *The Black Hole*, have been disappointments, but only by comparison with the inflated expectations of their backers. *Star Trek* opened first, 2½ weeks before Christmas, when there were no other films being launched. "The first week it was outlandish," says Don Baker, vice president of advertising and promotion for Loews Theaters in New York. "It seemed as though almost all of the millions of U.S. trekkies were trying to get in at once. The problem was that this made the second week look bad."

In fact, the second week witnessed a 38% drop in receipts, but miraculously, the third week saw a 30% gain over the sagging second and the fourth a 26% jump above that. In its first 26 days, *Star Trek* brought in a total of $53 million. By ordinary standards, it is a blockbuster. But it went far over budget, finally costing Paramount Pictures more than $50 million to produce and promote; thus the film will have to gross between $75 million and $100 million before the studio makes its money back.

The Black Hole's budget was a comparatively modest $19 million, but it is still the most expensive film that the Walt Disney studios has made. So far, after ten days, the movie has made a promising but by no means spectacular $16.5 million. Disney is disappointed that the film is not doing more matinee business; grownups, who tend to go to evening shows, outnumber kids at the box office 7 to 1.

Dustin Hoffman and Justin Henry in *Kramer*

Steve Martin romancing in *The Jerk*

John Belushi as fighter pilot in *1941*

Leonard Nimoy as Mr. Spock in *Star Trek*

At $5, only real entertainment will do.

If Spielberg's *1941* is the surprise flop, Carl Reiner's *The Jerk*, starring Comedian Steve Martin, is the unexpected hit of the season. It cost approximately $10 million, including promotion, and so far has grossed $32 million, with as much success in small towns as in big cities. "People like Steve Martin, and it is a funny film," says Ron Goldman, a co-owner of the Washington, D.C.–based K.B. theater chain, expressing an opinion not shared by most of the critics. He adds: "Thank God the critics aren't quite as important as they used to be." Another surprise is the booming box office for the comedy *"10,"* which has made $51 million since it was released in October, largely because of the multiple attractions of Bo Derek

More predictable was the success of Columbia's *Kramer vs. Kramer* (TIME, Dec. 3). It is a smash despite the fact that unlike the other holiday hits, it deals with serious problems: divorce and a bitter custody fight. But the film also has compelling acting by Dustin Hoffman, Meryl Streep and young Justin Henry. "It is popular because the story line, the performances and the direction are so good," says Alan Friedberg, president of the National Association of Theater Owners. "It is a film people can relate to." Comparatively inexpensive (cost: $13 million, including promotion), *Kramer* made $16.5 million in its first two weeks. At Manhattan theaters lines stretched around the block, and one house scheduled a 1 a.m. showing to meet heavy holiday demand Notwithstanding the movie's Big Apple setting, business also doubled the second week in Midwest theaters.

Another Columbia movie that has done fairly well is *The Electric Horseman*, a kind of rope opera about an ex–rodeo star's rebellion against commercial exploitation of him and a nag. Though the picture, which cost $18 million including publicity, grossed $14.25 million in its first twelve days, it has not had nearly the drawing power the studio hoped it would, given the luster of its two stars, Robert Redford and Jane Fonda. United Artists' *Being There*, which stars Peter Sellers as a gardener who may become President, has opened well in Manhattan and Los Angeles theaters. When it goes into general release in February, it may join the list of hits.

As they counted up their season's grosses, moviemen, like retailers everywhere, delivered their verdict: it was a good season, but not the best. Audiences were as fickle as ever, and with ticket costs approaching and sometimes surpassing $5, they were not about to stand in line for anything less than guaranteed entertainment. ■

Gold and Silver Go Bonkers

More Middle East jitters send precious metals leaping into orbit

In one hectic week, the long surge in gold, silver and other precious metals crested into a wild pay-any-price frenzy. While bullion traders from Hong Kong to Zurich to Kansas City gaped in amazement, panicky investors big and small reacted to the worsening turmoil in the Middle East and the increasingly troubled world economy. They sent precious metal bars, coins and trinkets on the most dizzying roller-coaster ride in memory. Prices touched levels that were inconceivable a few months ago. Said a New York commodities expert, George Clarke, in a revealing if overwrought explanation of the market's extreme volatility and nervousness: "In my opinion what is happening is that the world is looking at World War III."

On a single day, gold climbed $74.50 per oz., or more than twice its total value as late as 1971. During the week, it climbed an incredible $148, to hit $660 per oz. before slipping back suddenly at week's end to a still dazzling $603, or an overall gain of 18% in only five days.

The sell-off was spurred partly by rumors that the U.S. was planning a surprise gold auction of as much as 6 million oz. in an effort to break the price run-up. Though the Administration denied the rumors, the U.S. could well afford such an auction. The nation's gold reserves are still far and away the largest on earth, totaling some 276 million oz. At last week's closing price, the reserves were worth some $165 billion, or more than twice as much as those of second-ranked West Germany. By comparison, the Soviet Union's official reserves, though never disclosed, are estimated by the U.S. Central Intelligence Agency to be less than 45 million oz.

Silver, which had climbed more sharply than gold during 1979, leaped by $7 per oz., to a peak of $41.50, or a rise of 20%. Then it, too, fell back, with equally extreme gyrations, to some $36.10. Even at that figure, silver was trading for more than gold had been worth at the start of the 1970s.

Other metals also rocketed. Platinum, which is used for jewelry and manufacturing of such products as jet engines and high octane gasoline, soared from $693 to a record $870 per oz. before settling down to $767.

Titanium, which is used in the manufacture of aircraft and was trading for as little as $3.98 per lb. earlier in 1979, has been climbing steadily, in part because of a cut in world exports by the Soviet Union, the leading titanium producer, which needs it for domestic consumption. By last week, New York dealers were selling the metal for as much as $25 per lb. Even copper climbed nearly 10% as speculators pushed it to a record $1.11 per lb.

The explosion in metals prices fuels inflation psychology by undermining confidence in money itself and making it seem smarter to spend the currency on almost anything rather than save it. Metals mania also vindicates such economic Cassandras as James Dines and Franz Pick, who for years have urged investment in gold as a safe hedge in an inflation-weary world economy. As gold soared, the dollar continued its plunge against foreign currencies, hitting an all-time low of 1.70 deutsche marks, and sinking against the Swiss franc, Japanese yen and British pound, though it recovered somewhat at week's end.

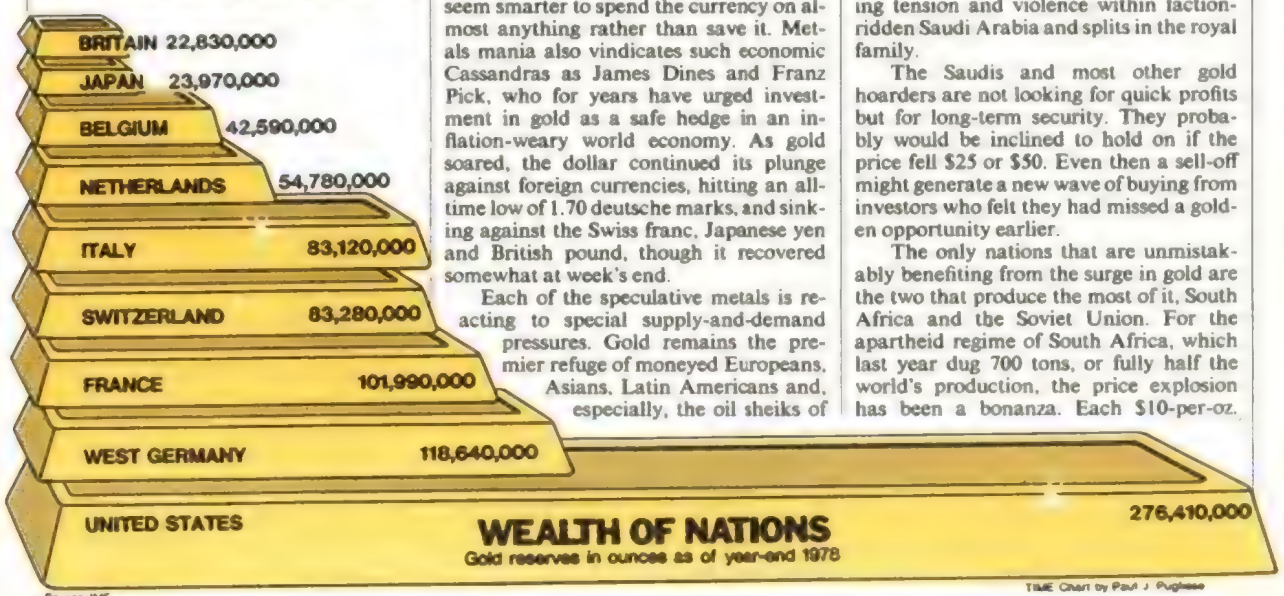
Each of the speculative metals is reacting to special supply-and-demand pressures. Gold remains the premier refuge of moneyed Europeans, Asians, Latin Americans and, especially, the oil sheiks of the Middle East. Since 1973, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait and the other members of OPEC have accumulated more than $250 billion in dollar surpluses. The states literally do not know what to do with this money, and it has been losing value in bank accounts as inflation goes up and the dollar slides. Troubled by the U.S. seizure of Tehran's American bank deposits, fearful of war in Iran or Afghanistan, petro-sheiks are becoming jumpy about holding dollars. More and more of them are using the brokerage services of institutions such as Geneva's Credit Suisse Bank and Frankfurt's Commerzbank to buy gold on the London and Zurich markets. The more they buy, the higher goes the price of the metal and the further slips the dollar against it.

The dollar's slide gives oil-exporting nations an excuse to raise prices, even though the slowing world economy is helping to cut demand for oil. Last week Mexico lifted its price from $24.50 per bbl. to $32, and other OPEC members are angling for steeper increases.

Saudi Arabia, which has more than $60 billion in official reserves, is by far the largest foreign-dollar holder and stands to lose the most as gold prices climb. Yet top Saudi businessmen and members of the Croesus-rich royal family have been among the biggest gold buyers. They are nervously fleeing to precious metals as reports persist of increasing tension and violence within faction-ridden Saudi Arabia and splits in the royal family.

The Saudis and most other gold hoarders are not looking for quick profits but for long-term security. They probably would be inclined to hold on if the price fell $25 or $50. Even then a sell-off might generate a new wave of buying from investors who felt they had missed a golden opportunity earlier.

The only nations that are unmistakably benefiting from the surge in gold are the two that produce the most of it, South Africa and the Soviet Union. For the apartheid regime of South Africa, which last year dug 700 tons, or fully half the world's production, the price explosion has been a bonanza. Each $10-per-oz.



Frenetic bullion trading in New York, as a nervous world runs away from paper currencies

jump swells the country's foreign exchange earnings by $200 million annually. South Africa's official reserves have jumped in the past year from $2.5 billion to some $7 billion, making the nation one of the world's richest per capita. The government is weighing a 10% tax cut for 1981 to spread the wealth around a bit. One group not likely to benefit much is the black laborers who dig the ore for $40 per week and help to hold down the cost of producing gold to a fraction of its market value.

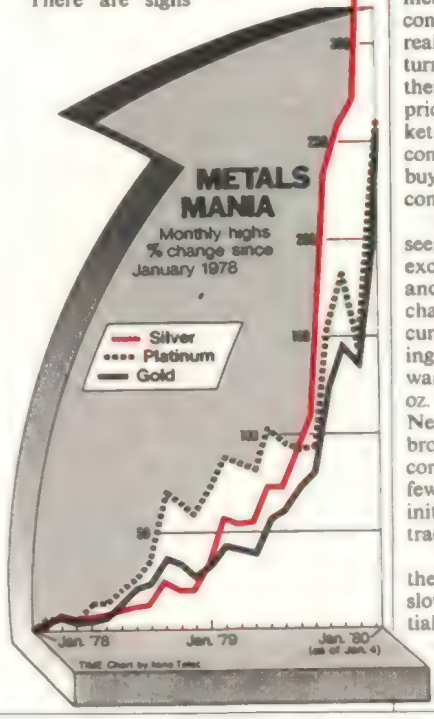
The really mesmerizing gains have come in the silver market. Silver has more than quintupled in value in the past year, with much of the gain coming in the past three months. Last January, silver was selling for $6.25 per oz., and anyone astute or lucky enough to have bought a typical 5,000-oz. contract for a twelve-month future delivery would have made a killing. For a $2,000 margin payment to his broker, the canny investor today would hold the rights to $127,500 worth of silver, a profit of some 6000% on his investment. What is more, people who hold commodities futures contracts for more than six months have their profits treated as capital gains, taxable at a maximum 28%.

Investors in shares of silver-mining companies have also done well. Stocks listed on the red-hot Spokane regional exchange, which deals mainly in mining firms, are up 60% since mid-November. Last Wednesday, an avalanche of buy orders forced the New York Stock Exchange to halt trading for several hours in the shares of Hecla Mining, which since early 1979 has climbed from $5.25 per share to $47.50.

World production of silver in 1979 was about 334 million Troy oz. (a pound has 12 Troy oz.). Mexico was the largest single supplier (18%), followed by the Soviet Union, Canada and the U.S. But, as has been the case for years, demand surpassed supply, by perhaps as much as 90 to 100 million oz., in part because of industrial demand. Silver is a basic ingredient in photo film, electronic components, metal brazings, batteries and, of course, jewelry and tableware.

The U.S. imported nearly 75% of the 160 million oz. that it used last year, but the price rise has led to a surge of new investment in domestic mines, notably in Western states. Production in the Coeur d'Alene district in the rugged northern panhandle of Idaho, which is the richest silver region on earth, has held steady at about 18.5 million oz. annually over the past five years, but is expected to rise to 20 million oz. during 1980. Still, shortages will persist, and that suggests rising prices.

There are signs



that a small group of unknown investors, which rumormongers in the futures market variously identify as shady Middle Easterners, tricky Europeans and even sinister folk from Staten Island, are plotting an unscrupulous investment maneuver known as a squeeze play. If they are, the price of silver could go far higher, then plunge as breathlessly as it climbed if and when the investors bailed out. One speculator widely mentioned in these stories is Bunker Hunt (*see box page 61*), but he insists that he has no plans except to hold on and watch his hoard grow.

Any small group of ultrarich investors could pull a squeeze. They would simply buy up so many outstanding futures contracts that there would not be enough metal available to meet demand if the contract holders insisted upon delivery of real silver, rather than being willing to turn their paper profits into cash, when their contracts expired. That would push prices into outer space on the spot market, as unfortunate speculators who had contracted to deliver silver scrambled to buy the limited supply to meet their legal commitments.

Most of the action in silver futures seems to be focused on two commodities exchanges, the Chicago Board of Trade and the New York Commodity Exchange. The New York exchange alone currently has futures contracts outstanding for 155 million oz. of silver, but its warehouses contain only about 70 million oz. Warns Jack Boyd, vice president of New York's Drexel Burnham Lambert brokerage firm: "The ownership of the contracts is concentrated in only a very few hands, and there seems to be a definite indication on the part of the contract holders to want actual delivery."

Both the Commodity Exchange and the Chicago Board of Trade have been slow to awaken to the disruptive potential of a silver price explosion. To limit speculation in the metal, the New York market belatedly has sharply increased the margin requirement for in-

vestors. Since November, the Chicago market has limited to 600 per day the number of futures contracts that any individual can hold at one time.

The slowest off the mark has been the federal Commodity Futures Trading Commission, which is responsible for maintaining orderly markets. To learn the identities of the big silver players, CFTC staff members have been talking to bankers and brokers who have been doing much of the buying and selling for clients. So far, the commission's main accomplishment has been to file suit against the Banque Suisse Populaire, headquartered in Bern, Switzerland, for failing to divulge its list of silver clients.

The most effective, quick step that the U.S. could take to pop the bubble would be to auction off a chunk of its 180-million-oz. silver stockpile, the only substantial official reserve of the metal left in the world. An auction would help cool down the markets for all precious metals, including gold. Some lower Treasury officials last week discussed how to stem the gold and silver stampede, but decided to hold back when rumors of a gold auction alone were enough to calm the markets. Said one Treasury official to TIME Washington Economic Correspondent William Blaylock at week's end: "We are not going to do a darned thing today. Our attitude on gold and silver continues to be to sit back, watch and do nothing."

That policy could be risky. Rising metals prices feed inflation by pushing up costs for a range of products and processes. Last week, for example, Kodak (1978 sales: $7.1 billion) announced a 7.5% jump in its retail film prices to help offset the rise in the cost of silver, which could add nearly $1.5 billion to the company's overhead this year. The largest users of industrial silver are hospitals, which require vast quantities for X-ray film. When the prices go up, hospital costs rise, insurance premiums climb, and federal Medicare and Medicaid outlays, already among the biggest items in the federal budget, also increase. That means steeper Social Security taxes, larger employer contributions to payroll deductions and ultimately fractionally higher prices throughout the entire economy.

The graver peril is that the precious-metals fever will sap more and more confidence in paper money, debauching its value. Says London Bullion Dealer Jack Spall: "At these prices, gold must already represent 60% to 65% of the world's monetary reserves, and the increases are worrisome because of their possible disruptive impact on the world monetary system and trade itself." Gold is, after all, a sterile investment that does not produce anything. It diverts funds from investments that would create jobs and wealth in economies everywhere.

Political crises come and go, but inflation is the obvious long-term reason why gold glows, silver surges and platinum hits the moon. Until the U.S. conquers that problem, every other economic palliative the nation resorts to in order to prop up the dollar or press down gold will amount to nothing more than a quick fix. ■

The Great Sell-Off

While some families poked around in dresser drawers and jewelry cases for gold cufflinks and earrings, others rummaged through attics and closets in search of long forgotten sterling silver tea sets, candlesticks, or perhaps just a stray silver ashtray. Gold and silver fever is spreading to ordinary folks, and many were lining up at coin and jewelry shops to sell their little treasures for quick cash.

With bulging pockets, shoeboxes, shopping bags and even pillow cases, a throng of students, housewives, executives and pensioners last week crowded into the waiting room of the Empire Diamond & Gold Buying Service on the 66th floor of the Empire State Building. Outside Jonathons Coin in Los Angeles, 250 people waited in line. Noted Vice President Richard Schwary: "With gold selling for about $600 an ounce, an old watchband is worth a lot. We have really got a panic here. The stampede is on. A decent sterling silver tableware set will go for $3,000 to $5,000. I gave my mother $3,000 for hers."

In Boston a couple of newlyweds sold off their incomplete sterling silver dinner service because they did not want to pay the high price to buy the missing pieces. In New York a schoolgirl sold her father's old gold bridgework to help pay her way through college; an elderly widow sold her gold jewelry piece by piece; and one woman recently traded in her gold I.U.D. In Los Angeles Dealer Schwary reported buying everything from a three-foot-high silver trophy awarded in a 1930s auto race to Vietnamese *taels*, ultrathin gold pieces the size of calling cards.

At New York's Empire Buying Service, Owner Jack Brod was importuned by one eager customer to extract his loose, gold-filled tooth on the spot. Brod refused; the man left, but returned a few days later with tooth in hand. Typically, New York Dealer Harry Rodman paid one Maryland dentist $500 for the gold scrap and dust that he had collected with a special vacuum from dental grindings in just two years of practice. Dealers also quietly bought gold fillings from morticians, proving that you can't take it with you.

Some disappointed sellers discovered that their "pure" gold bracelets were really cheap plate. Even if the pieces were in fact gold or silver, many sellers were unhappy to learn that they get considerably less than the much headlined prices of the metals. Sterling silver is only 92.5% pure, while 10-, 14- and 18-karat gold is respectively 42%, 58% and 75% pure. Also, dealers can take commissions of 10% or more on trades.

Yet, the pieces keep rolling in and, in the back rooms of trading shops around the country, shining heaps of gold and silver bracelets, school rings, wedding bands and chains wait to be sorted. Cardboard boxes overflow with gold cigarette cases and compacts; walls of shelves are full of antique silver candlesticks and saltcellars; pails are awash in silver quarters and dimes. In one room in the Empire Trading Service, 30 coffee cans sit filled to the brim with gold teeth, crowns and inlays.

TERRY ASHE

Brod and wife examining purchases

A very few especially valuable antiques will be saved and sold to dealers. All the rest, old and new, ugly and beautiful, will be melted down into ingots. Though much of what is now being sold is artistically valueless, some sellers miss out by taking only the cash value of the bullion. Says Anthony Phillips, silver specialist of Christie's, the large auction house: "An original spoon by Paul Revere might be worth $70 if it is sent to melt but $1,000 or more at auction." Asked about his feelings when he lowers heirlooms into his furnace, Harry Rodman notes: "It hurts only for a minute."

The pin shown (enlarged for detail) is available for about $3500. The price may change substantially due to differences in diamond quality and market conditions. Your jeweler can show you other diamond jewelry starting at about $500. De Beers

Northwest: Fastest way to the Orient

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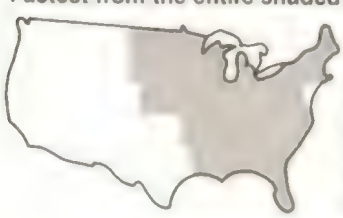

Northwest Flight 3. 747 service to Tokyo, departs Chicago daily at 11:50 am flying nonstop five days a week. It's the only nonstop service from the Midwest to the Orient.*

Fewer seats inside mean a roomier ride.
Northwest 747s give you a wider seat in Economy than all other airlines flying nonstop from the U.S. to Tokyo. Because Northwest 747s have one less seat in each Economy row. It's a significant comfort difference.

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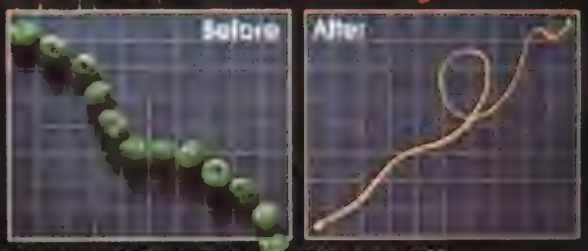
*Mpls./St. Paul passengers may also connect to Tokyo nonstops from Seattle

The roomier ride.

NORTHWEST ORIENT

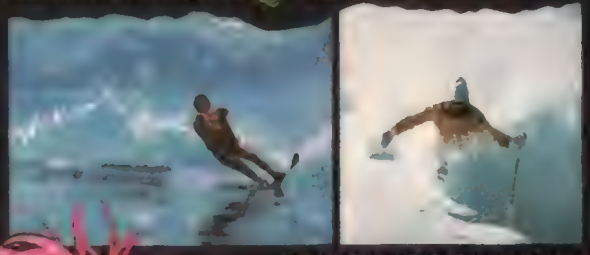
The RENOvation of Drooper, Slak & DeCline, Inc.

Morale was down at DS&D, and so were sales. Small wonder why. Their '76 convention featured creamed chicken and cold peas. Their '77 convention featured creamed chicken and cold peas. Their '78 convention featured creamed peas and cold chicken. Then came '79—featuring the red-hot razz-ma-tazz of the biggest little city in the world!

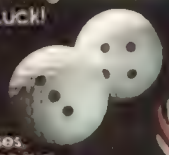


Sales curve, '76 through '78. Sales curve, 1979.

DS&D discovered Reno! They flew in on one of the 100 daily flights, and landed one surprise after another: Handshakes instead of handouts. · Brand-new banquet rooms with wall-to-wall everything. · Millions of dollars worth of new high-rise hoopla. · A multi-thousand sq. ft. convention center. · Ski tows and Tahoe. · Golfing, gold panning, gourmet dining, fishing . . . and, of course, a fling with Lady Luck!



Cool choice: Tahoe splash or Sierra slalom, both just minutes away!



With 15 area courses, golf in greater Reno is a hole new game!

Rainbows and gold give nearby mountain streams a certain color!

With over 100 night spots, fun is an easy point to make!

In three days, morale at Drooper, Slak & DeCline was higher than the High Sierras . . . and they soon had sales to match.

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10 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAY '78.

Bunker Hunt's Comstock Lode

While bullion buffs have been ringing up spectacular profits, Dallas Megamillionaire Nelson Bunker Hunt, 53, should have been quietly humming *Silver Threads Among the Gold*. As the nation's paramount silver hoarder, Hunt and at least one brother, William Herbert Hunt, have amassed a new Comstock Lode. Over the past nine months they have earned an estimated $2 billion to $4 billion, and one former business associate sets the Hunts' silver holdings at 100 million oz. Even for a man who could play Monopoly with real money, the silver boom is stunning.

Bunker Hunt, as friends call him, is one of ten children of Texas Oil Billionaire H.L. Hunt. Bunker inherited millions and a penchant for controversy from his father, who before his death in 1974 promoted far-right political causes and crawling as an exercise. The family could be a model for the Ewings on TV's *Dallas*. Bunker leads the six children from his father's first marriage in business deals and feuds with the four children of the patriarch's second family.

In 1975 Bunker and Herbert were tried in federal court on charges of having tapped the phones of their father's business associates as part of an alleged attempt to stop him from bequeathing too much to the last four heirs. The two brothers were acquitted, although a pair of private detectives working for them went to jail. A federal judge ruled 2½ years ago that the same brothers and five of their children had illegally exceeded the limits on purchases on the nation's soybean market. Bunker also directs first-family control of Hunt International Resources Corp., one of the nation's largest beet-sugar processors and owner of the Shakey's pizza chain. Brother Lamar, owner of the Kansas City Chiefs, is a partner in the first family's petroleum company, Placid Oil. The second family owns Hunt Oil.

KATZ—BLACK STAR

The megamillionaire at his ranch

Bunker Hunt ventured into silver in 1973 after Libya nationalized his 8-million-acre oil holdings. Says Hunt: "Silver looked safer than overseas oil concessions the way things were going. And precious metals were a good hedge against paper money." In late 1973, when the price was around $3 an oz., Bunker and Herbert went into silver Texas-style, buying an estimated 35 million oz. of silver futures. The brothers waged a bitter fight in 1977 to buy control of Sunshine Mining Co., which owns the nation's largest silver mine. In a rare defeat, their offer was rebuffed as too late and too low. Last year the Hunts went in even deeper, increasing their holdings by an estimated 23 million oz. Rumors spread that the family was out to corner the world silver market.

Bunker Hunt has also used his silver touch on horse breeding. He reputedly owns more thoroughbreds than anyone else in the world; 600 horses wear his light and dark green racing silks. Exceller, a horse he bought for $25,000, later earned more than $1.5 million in prize money. After Hunt became the first American to win both the French and English derbies, in 1976, Baron Guy de Rothschild, president of the French Breeders Association, restricted many French races to horses bred in European Community countries.

But Bunker Hunt, who dresses like a hay dealer and has been described as resembling "Burl Ives in a Tennessee Williams play," was never much for the international horsy set. He neither smokes nor drinks. Last year he spent $3 million bankrolling the new Warner Bros. film *Jesus*, and he heads the billion-dollar fund-raising drive for the fundamentalist Christian Campus Crusade.

In Dallas, Bunker Hunt is known as a mercurial businessman. Says one former associate: "He can spend several hours dealing with something like the menus at Shakey's and then make a multimillion-dollar decision in five minutes with only one-third of the facts and his prejudice." He once objected to hiring a pizza chain executive because he drove a red Jaguar XKE.

Hunt likes to slip away to his 3,000-acre Circle T Ranch, about 20 miles outside Dallas. There he surveys his horses and plots business deals. Selling off silver, though, is not one of his plans. Last October he told the president of the Chicago Board of Trade that he had no intention of unloading the family silver. Hunt explains that because of prodigious profits, "if you sell, you get into a tax problem." Some problem.

Production President Sherry Lansing

Leading Lady

Fox's model movie boss

At the fadeout of *Rio Lobo*, a Hollywood oater of 1970, Starlet Sherry Lansing guns down the varmint who had done her wrong and sashays off into the sunset with John Wayne. As she recalls, "I wasn't interested in being an actress at first, but when I walked onto that set, I started to become obsessed with film." Now the magnificent obsession has led to a new job in which the former actress and model will continue to face tough hombres. Last week Lansing, 35, was named president of production at 20th Century-Fox Pictures, putting her in charge of the development and management of the company's feature films.

Though Chairman Dennis Stanfill and several other officers of the diversified 20th Century-Fox rank above her, Lansing becomes the top American woman in the male-chauvinist world of film production. She will earn close to $300,000 a year in salary and could also collect more than $1 million in bonuses if she finds and develops a string of hits.

Lansing has the guts for the notoriously rugged industry. After graduating from Northwestern University, she went to Los Angeles to teach in a Watts high school just after the bloody riots of 1965. Later she became a model for Max Factor and Alberto-Culver, then landed movie roles in *Loving* and *Rio Lobo*. But she preferred the production side and quit acting to take a $5-an-hour job as a script reader.

With the help of friend and mentor Producer Daniel Melnick, her rise has been little short of meteoric. By 1975 she was an executive story editor at MGM, and two years later vice president of production for Columbia Pictures. Aside from intelligence and raven-haired beauty, Lansing's prime asset is her youth, at least according to Fox Vice Chairman Alan Hirschfield, her former Columbia boss, who hired her. Says he: "The movie audience is still trending down in age; 60% of it is between the ages of 14 and 24. Sherry can attract the younger creative moviemakers, who can make pictures that attract younger audiences." ■

An Odd Free Market Success

Despite a dictatorship, Chile's "Chicago Boys" make good

"Chile," says a U.S. State Department official grudgingly, "is a casebook study in sound economic management." Chile? The country where two months ago the Catholic Church demanded an investigation into the identities of more than 300 bodies found crammed into unmarked coffins in a Santiago cemetery? Chile? The international pariah that refuses to extradite to the U.S. the former head of the Chilean secret service and two other army officers indicted for murder by a federal grand jury? Yes, Chile, where Military Dictator Augusto Pinochet is simultaneously tightening his grip on the government and freeing up the economy.

Today a six-block stretch of Calle Ahumada in Santiago is one of South America's busiest commercial malls. Brightly painted signs pull shoppers into new boutiques stuffed with madras dresses from India, art supplies from Germany and motorcycles from Japan. The adjoining streets are jammed with honking hordes of shiny cars and trucks of every modern make. Workers are digging trenches for an extension of the Santiago subway. However, La Moneda palace, where Pinochet's predecessor, Marxist Salvador Allende, was killed in 1973, remains begrimed and run down.

Repressive political regimes do not normally dictate laissez-faire economic systems, but that is what is happening in Chile. The result is that inflation, which was as high as 1,000% in 1973, has been beaten back to about 38%. Real growth spurted 7.3% in 1978 and rose another 7.5% or so last year. Per capita income is up to $1,500; in real terms, the people are at least back around the income levels of 1970. That was when Allende was elected and began to crank up the printing presses to cover spiraling government deficits that led to economic disaster.

Chile's economy, which was highly protected under Allende, has become much less restricted and more entrepreneurial. The transformation has been largely the work of those whom Chileans call the "Chicago Boys," a handful of officials and academics led by Planning Minister Miguel Kast, 30, Finance Minister Sergio de Castro, 49, and Central Bank President Alvaro Bardón, 39. All have graduate degrees in economics from the University of Chicago, the spiritual home of Free Marketeer Milton Friedman. Like most Chilean economists, the Boys were fervent opponents of Allende, and the military junta picked many of them for top jobs. They were given broad authority to cope with emergency in 1975, when the country lay in ruins, hammered by three blows in succession. First there was the economic chaos that preceded and immediately followed Allende's bloody ouster, then the surge in oil prices, and finally the collapse of the price of copper, which accounted for more than 80% of Chile's exports.

The Chilean Friedmanites tried some shock tactics. They clamped down hard on the money supply and slashed expenditures. The government stopped subsidizing inefficient industries; more than 400 state-owned banks and companies, many of which had been nationalized during Allende's years, were sold back to private hands. At first, these reforms made things worse. Unemployment rocketed because a number of businesses failed in the new competitive environment, and the government was also cutting its own swollen payroll. But many of the old jobs were eventually replaced by new, more productive employment, and the government allowed the Chicago Boys to continue unshackling the economy. They concentrated on three areas:

Taxes: High taxes have been virtually eliminated to stimulate investment. Corporate and personal income taxes have been "indexed" so inflation does not automatically push payers into higher brackets; and the double taxation of corporate dividends has been abolished. The treasury is recovering lost revenues with a 20% value-added tax on everything from food to cars. In short, sales taxes have increased so that income taxes could be reduced, freeing up funds for investment.

Tariffs: The boldest move was to reduce tariffs, which had ranged from 100% to 1,000%, to a more uniform 10%, forcing Chilean industry to become competitive almost overnight. Now Chile is shipping refrigerators to Argentina, shoes to Peru and logs to Japan. In the process, the country is transforming itself from a "monoproduct" economy into one in which noncopper goods are now 51% of exports. Forests are being planted with high-yield pine trees; U.S. authorities estimate that by 1990 forest products could become as important as copper to the economy.

A shopping mall in downtown Santiago shows the new boom
In an important area of life, much less restriction

Foreign Investment: The government in 1977 took many steps under a new law to woo foreign investors, including removing limits on their remittances of profits and capital and granting them the same rights as local investors. Money has been pouring into the country ever since. U.S. companies in the past two years have invested $600 million, and a third of that has gone into mining. By the end of the 1980s, foreign investment, mainly from the U.S., should exceed $5 billion.

Not everyone is thrilled with the changes. Some critics charge that the Chicago Boys' reforms have only concentrated more of the country's wealth in fewer hands. Says Ricardo Lagos of the U.N. Program for Employment in Latin America: "About 20 years ago we had some very important companies in the economy. Now we have only three big financial groups in Chile."

Unemployment, although down from 18.7% in 1975, still hovers at a depressing 12%. Like most developing nations, Chile has been badly hurt by OPEC price increases. The country imports 75% of its oil, and most of that had come from two of the shakier cartel members, Iran and Ecuador. In March, Iran broke its contract, and Ecuador has also stopped selling oil to Chile, forcing it to pay the sky-high spot-market price. Fuel bills jumped to an estimated $771 million last year, from $429 million in 1978, torpedoing projections for an inflation rate of under 20%.

For many economists who deplore its authoritarian government, Chile remains a model of what can be achieved in restructuring an aging, prostrate economy into a streamlined machine. The ironic reason for the success is that the dictator is allowing the economists to free business from state control. ■

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Available in most Sears retail stores. Dates may vary in Alaska and Hawaii.

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Young Bacchus Comes of Age

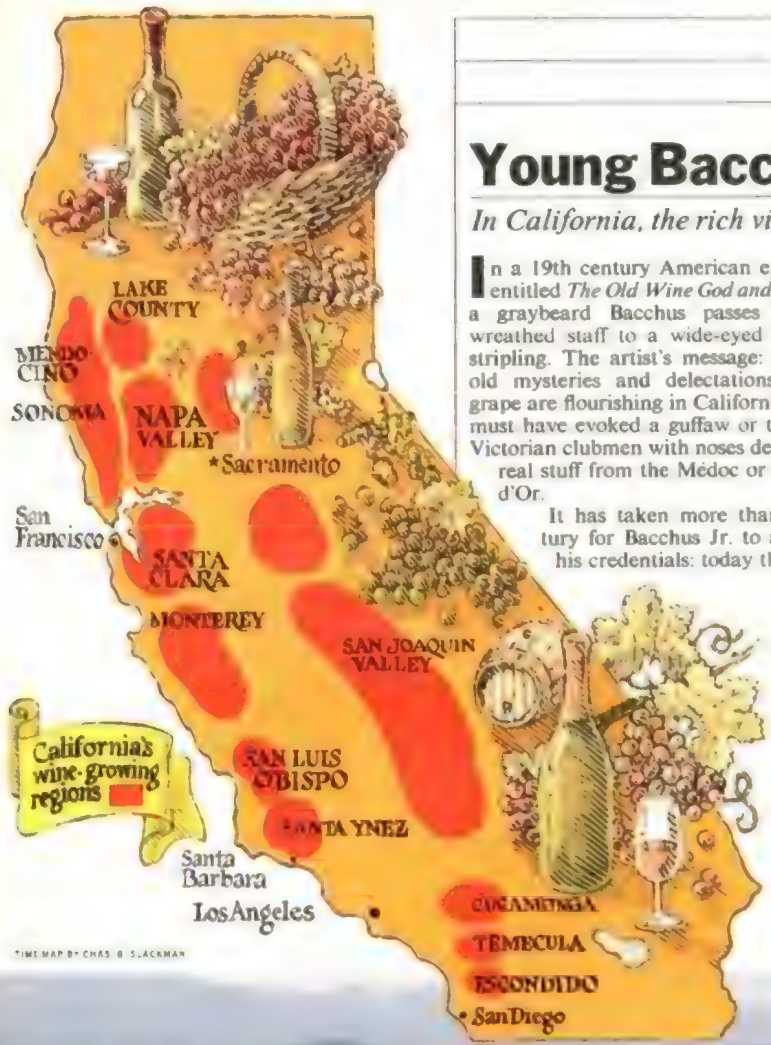
In California, the rich vineyards grow and glow

In a 19th century American engraving entitled *The Old Wine God and the New*, a graybeard Bacchus passes a vine-wreathed staff to a wide-eyed Western stripling. The artist's message: the age-old mysteries and delectations of the grape are flourishing in California soil. It must have evoked a guffaw or two from Victorian clubmen with noses deep in the real stuff from the Médoc or the Côte d'Or.

It has taken more than a century for Bacchus Jr. to assemble his credentials: today they are a cause for hallelujahs, not harrumphs. In wine tastings from Perth to Paris, the bottles from California have been winning golds, silvers and bronzes in informal vinous Olympics against the products of some of the world's most astute and experienced winemakers. This is not to suggest, as some Californiaphiles would have it, that the Old Wine God is about to be toppled by the New. It does confirm that California's best wines are now as worthy of serious consideration and consumption as their European progenitors.

That is quite an achievement, considering the troubles that the immigrant *Vitis vinifera** has had surviving in North America. The European vine did not fare well in chilly Northeastern climes. In fact, making a potable domestic wine was quite possibly the only undertaking in which Thomas Jefferson ever admitted defeat. The most grievous blow of all was the Prohibition era, in which the wine industry died on the vine. It has not been helped since by many Americans' two-fisted ad-

*The leading species, originally cultivated in the Mediterranean basin, that is responsible for all the world's great wines. Even in Europe, however, *vinifera* vines are grafted on the hardy rootstock of native American *Vitis labrusca* and *Vitis rotundifolia*



Chappellet vineyard on Napa Valley slopes

Robert Mondavi sampling a vintage; harvesting with mechanical picker in Napa Valley; Eugene Trefethen exulting over laureate Chardonnay

diction to beer and hard liquor or aversion to alcohol in any form (dry and blue laws). Yet the past decade has seen the completion of a delicious circle: the American discovery of wine, on a large scale, as a part of the civilized life, and the maturing of an industry capable of satisfying sophisticated palates.

Wine consumption in the U.S. is still only a spit in the barrel by European standards: two gallons annually per capita (*vs.* 27 in Italy), ranging from less than three quarts per adult in West Virginia to five gallons in Washington, D.C. Nonetheless, the amount of wine drunk in the U.S. has doubled in ten years and is increasing at the rate of 5% yearly. That adds up to a huge present and future market for table wines—particularly for the California vintners, who supply 70% of all the wine consumed in this country.

Indeed, Americans' new love affair with the grape may be one of the few recorded instances of the consumer leading the industry. More than a million Americans are enrolled in wine appreciation courses; some 160,000 students at 620 college campuses are taking classes in oenology. The meticulous annual "barrel" tasting of new California vintages held by Manhattan's splendid Four Seasons restaurant has become a spectacular. Last winter's event drew requests from more than 2,000 would-be sippers for the 200 available tickets—at $75 each. Some 50,000 oenophiles have taken part in a procession of blind tastings of California and European wines held in 31 states by the California Wine Institute; the unmarked California bottles have won overwhelmingly. And so it goes, and flows. Says the Wine Institute's Brian St. Pierre: "I can't think of another product in America that is so exhaustively written about, talked about and analyzed."

Oak barrels aging red wine at Sterling

A cause for hallelujahs, not harrumphs.

The happy confluence of taste and technology was noted last October by France's tough and prestigious gustatory handbook, *Le Nouveau Guide Gault-Millau*, which saluted the "golden age" of California wine. Said the authors: "There exist today in California some estates whose wines, although expensive, can count among the best in the world." There are also some whose prices "are unbelievably low and which, on the export market, could do damage to French wines, especially in certain ranges where they show themselves to be as good or even superior." One of the great successes in the wine-for-everyman league has been Sonoma County's Sebastiani Vineyards, whose sales have increased about 1,000%, to 3 million cases, in the decade.

By contrast, the redoubtable Baron Philippe de Rothschild (Château Mouton-Rothschild), surveying California wine only seven years ago, pronounced: "It all comes out industrially uniform, like Coca-Cola." He would not say that today even though, ironically, the Coca-Cola Co. now owns Sterling Vineyards, one of the best of the West. The maturing of California wines has been marked not only by greatly improved winemaking techniques but, more important, by the greatly extended planting of varieties of "noble" European vines, most notably Chardonnays, from which France's white Burgundies are made; Sauvignon Blanc of Bordeaux; Cabernet Sauvignon of the Médoc; Pinot Noir of Burgundy; Riesling of Alsace, the Rhine and Mosel; Gewürztraminer, also of Alsace and Germany. And there is Zinfandel, a

NOUVEAU BE

The new 1979 Beaujolais is tasted and toasted at Sonoma County's Sebastiani Vineyards

red grape of mysterious origin, probably Italian, that is unique to California.

TIME Los Angeles Bureau Chief William Rademaekers reports from the vineyards:

In ten years the California acreage planted in distinguished varieties has nearly trebled, to 330,000 acres, while for the first time in this century the production of table grapes and raisins (hence also cheap sweet wine) has declined. In the past decade some 150 new wineries have opened. They are mostly tiny (but big by, say, Burgundian standards), producing anywhere from 1,000 to 60,000 cases a year, and they are devoted to serious wine. The small, so-called boutique wineries are hardly household names—Cakebread Cellars, La Purisma, Milano, P & M Staiger, Gundlach-Bundschu—and their output is for the most part distributed only in California.

However, when one of their number beats French wines in major competitions, the effect is like that of an obscure novelist winning a Nobel or a Prix Goncourt: the bottles become *causes célèbres*. For example, Trefethen, a Napa Valley winery that pressed its first grapes only six years ago, leaped to fame in 1979 when its crisp, polished '76 Chardonnay won first prize against a host of respected Europeans at a *Gault-Millau* tasting in Paris. Since the family-owned winery, founded by Eugene Trefethen, distributes only 15,000 to 20,000 cases a year of all its wines, the laureate Chardonnay is as scarce as truffles in a parking lot.

There has been a dramatic improvement in table wines throughout the price spectrum. It is a truism that today's "jug" wines —bottles containing 1.75 liters at prices ranging from $3.50 to $5—are superior to the more expensive premium wines of a decade ago and light-years better than the *vin ordinaire* that gurgles by the gallon down French gullets. A major step in the de-Colanization process has been marked by vintage labeling, meaning that at least 95% of the wine in the bottle was grown in the stated year rather than blended with other vintages. (While Golden State boosters have often maintained that every year is a vintage year in California, this is a little like the line in *Camelot* decreeing that "July and August cannot be too hot.") The most important —and voluntary—move has been made by the giant winemakers who produce generic "Burgundy" and "Chablis" that have no claim at all to nobility. These companies are now supplementing their lines of jug wines with varietals of surprising merit.

MARY K. LICHTNER

Alfresco luncheon and bubbly sampling at Domaine Chandon

Wines as worthy of consideration as their ancestors.

The elevation of taste and quality has been quietly but steadfastly led by E. & J. Gallo, the world's biggest winemaker (it accounts for more than one-third of all wine consumed in the U.S.). The busy brothers Ernest and Julio have been growing varietal grapes, and paying their outside suppliers to plant them, since the early '60s, and have built an underground cellar the size of two football fields to age their wines in casks of French and Yugoslav oak. While they are the General Motors of American wine, in the tastings they enter the Gallos consistently win the kind of awards that go to Ferraris. Indeed, few California vintners of any size work so hard on the all-important process of vinification, the actual making of the wine.

Next to its equable climate and wine-welcoming soil, the greatest boost for *Vitis Californiensis* has come from another five-letter name: Davis, short for the University of California's department of oenology in the Yolo County city of that name. Davis is widely regarded as the world's most advanced wine research establishment; it has trained many of the state's vintners, revolutionized winemaking techniques, developed many hybrid vines suitable to American growing conditions and helped open up microclimates in areas traditionally considered inimical to serious viticulture.

Indeed, it is the ever expanding California vineyard, now spread far beyond the traditional and best-known growing areas in Napa, Sonoma and Santa Clara counties, that has lured serious winemakers to the Pacific slopes from all over the world. They range from young couples like Robert and Zelma Long, who are starting out with 14 acres in the Napa Valley, to conglomerates like Heublein and France's eminent Moët-Hennessy; from old estates like Beaulieu to newcomers like Thomas Nicholas Jordan Jr., a Denver oilman who has spent close to $15 million to build a Bordeaux-style château in Sonoma County—and has yet to sell a bottle of wine.

Among the most respected leaders of the industry is Robert Mondavi, whose family-owned Napa Valley winery employs advanced technology, equipment and skills to produce consistently elegant varietals. Next to quality, he

Will there ever be another TV series as worthwhile as Sesame Street?

Yes, thank goodness It starts Monday, January 14.

Joan Ganz Cooney and her Children's Television Workshop saw a way 10 years ago to teach kids, using the medium kids love best. The happy result was *Sesame Street*.

Does anyone have to be told *Sesame Street* went on to become one of the most successful TV shows ever?

Now Joan Cooney and the Workshop are ready with a new series every bit as significant as *Sesame Street*. It's called *3-2-1 Contact*. It will be on PBS stations Mondays through Fridays.

3-2-1 Contact is about science. If you just said *ugh*, maybe it's because you grew up without a show like this, which is a pity. And a national problem.

Thousands of bright and inquisitive youngsters start their school years with a natural interest in the sciences. But they get turned off before they ever reach junior high school. Thousands of scientists and engineers are lost to America in the process. *3-2-1 Contact* will keep curiosity alive in 8-to 12-year olds by bringing the same excitement to science and technology that *Sesame Street* brought to the child's first recognition of letters and numbers.

The National Science Foundation, The U.S. Department of Education, and the Corporation for Public Broadcasting all contributed sizable sums to help put *3-2-1 Contact* on the air.

So did we.

Our motives are simple. We invest nearly a million-and-a-half dollars a day in scientific research and development to keep our Otis elevators, Pratt & Whitney Aircraft jet engines, Carrier air conditioners, Sikorsky helicopters and other high-technology products the best in their fields—and to create new and still better products. The United Technologies $2 million grant for this show is part of our investment in the future. We're pleased to make it.

And we're happy to invite you and your 8-to 12-year old friends to watch *3-2-1 Contact*. See your local TV listings for the broadcast schedule.

UNITED TECHNOLOGIES

Hartford, CT 06101

says, the most important goal for California winemakers is to produce bottles at prices that will enable American families to regard wine as the everyday complement to food rather than as an infrequent celebration.

California is by no means the vinous El Dorado pictured by its publicists or by many writers who would not know a Chardonnay grape from a supermarket Thompson Seedless. Americans using the Pinot Noir grape of Burgundy have yet to make a red wine that is remotely equal to its ancestor in body and authority. Many California wines, particularly the often overpraised Zinfandels, lack finesse and balance. Some, like Heitz Martha's Vineyard Cabernet Sauvignon '69, which sells for up to $40 a bottle, have become ridiculously expensive; and, because they are scarce, the reds in particular are snapped up and drunk down years before they have fully matured. Peter Morrell, a Manhattan wine merchant who boasts one of the country's biggest assemblages of California bottles, insists on locking the better ones away until they are mature enough to drink.

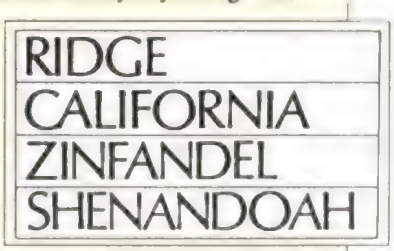
It may be that California wines, so young in the millenniums-old history of the art, are still in search of a true identity. This argument is made by Alexis Lichine, who makes fine wine in the Médoc, imports good bottles, writes definitively on the subject (*New Encyclopedia of Wines and Spirits*), and, with the late Frank Schoonmaker, did more than anyone to evangelize California wines, starting 40 years ago, when there was not too much to evangelize. Says he: "California wines should be proud of their origins. California has unique climates, unique soil and the talented people to turn good grapes into good wine. In time, California will stop trying to compete with France and will produce wines that are uniquely and quintessentially Californian. They should be great." And Young Bacchus will have come of age. — ***Michael Demarest***

Small Sellout Vineyards

Unlike Europe, where land and climate suitable for noble vines are very limited and the great wine estates are centuries old, California has a vast amount of hospitable acreage and an ever increasing number of nouveaux wineries. While the state has a dozen long-established firms that annually produce more than 2 million cases (4.5 million gal.) each, some of the most interesting wines are being made by comparatively small estates that have started up in the past two decades. They are owned by engineers and airline pilots, big businessmen and corporations. Most of the bottles shipped by such wineries as Stag's Leap Wine Cellars, Chappellet, Santa Ynez, Burgess, Joseph Swan, Sanford & Benedict, J. Lohr, Keenan, Heitz and Chateau St. Jean are instant sellouts—often at higher prices than comparable French, Italian or German vintages. A tasting:

Sterling Vineyards. One of the biggest of the smallest, Coca-Cola–owned Sterling is the largest winery in the U.S. to produce only estate-bottled wines, European style. Opened in 1973 on 400 acres in the upper Napa Valley (Napa is Indian for "plenty"), Sterling is best known for its reds, notably a subtle Cabernet Sauvignon that sells for up to $20 a bottle. Under Dutch-born Winemaster Theo Rosenbrand, Sterling plans to increase production from 65,000 cases a year to 90,000 by 1985, at the same time narrowing its range of varietals to concentrate on Cabernet Sauvignon, Merlot, Chardonnay and Sauvignon Blanc. Its 1976 Cabernets and Pinots Noirs will be released this month, but should be put down for at least two years before they are uncorked. Sterling is probably the only winery in the world where visitors board an aerial tramway en route to the sampling room; they get an intoxicating view of the vine-dappled valley below and Mount St. Helena beyond.

Joseph Phelps Vineyard. A medium-size winery (170 acres) with an annual crush of some 45,000 cases, Phelps is known for its fruity, aromatic Riesling. Winemaster Walter Schug, who came to California from Germany, plans to keep production at the present level while concentrating on improving quality. Joseph Phelps, a Colorado-based construction tycoon, planted his first vines in 1973 on the slopes of Napa's Spring Valley area. The winery is made of lumber from century-old railroad bridges; its vineyards range from 200 ft. above sea level to 660 ft., where mists and cool breezes are ideal for noble whites. Phelps also makes Cabernet Sauvignon and Merlot, some of which are sold under the label Le Fleuron at a sensible price (around $5.75). In another of its several microclimates, at Yountville, Phelps grows Gewürztraminer, whose sweetish, slightly musky flavor is comparable to the famed white from its ancestral vines in Alsace and Germany. Says Schug: "The grape comes first. We don't aim for a certain market. If you make fine wine, there are always people who will buy it."



Ridge Vineyard. Situated eight miles south of Palo Alto in the Santa Cruz Mountains, Ridge owns only 50 acres but crushes grapes from Napa, Sonoma, San Joaquin and Amador counties. Founded in 1959 by a group of Stanford electronics engineers, it is a prototype of the so-called boutique vineyard: it produces a small quantity, only 25,000 cases, of well-made, pricy wines. Most are reds, with a big, intense Zinfandel the finest and best-known vintage. For the Zinfandel, Chief Winemaker Paul Draper, who majored in philosophy at Stanford and mastered oenology in the vineyards of Burgundy and Chile, seeks grapes from older vineyards that give the wine the chewy body prized by aficionados. In addition to the well-priced Zinfandels ($4.75 to $9), Ridge produces a dark, full-bodied Cabernet that sells for up to $20 under the Montebello label. Ridge does not intend to increase its production, which now is about equal to that of Bordeaux's Château Latour. Says Draper: "We think something is lost when you go above, say, 50,000 cases."

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Cinema

Gravity Defied

BEING THERE
Directed by Hal Ashby
Screenplay by Jerzy Kosinski

Being There is a spectacular balancing act. For almost two hours, Writer Jerzy Kosinski, Director Hal Ashby and Star Peter Sellers keep a single, scorchingly witty joke floating miraculously through mid-air. Though the joke ultimately crashes to earth too early—about 15 minutes before the movie ends—the final letdown does not spoil what has gone before. Here is a comedy that valiantly defies both gravity and the latest Hollywood fashion. There isn't a single laugh in *Being There* that owes anything to *Animal House*.

Sellers and MacLaine attend Washington cocktail party in *Being There*

In the land of the tube, a telegenic idiot has what it takes to be king.

The film is an adaptation of Kosinski's 1971 novel. Its hero is Chance, a gardener, an illiterate and a 30-year shut-in whose entire knowledge of life comes from watching television. What might happen, Kosinski wonders, if such a man were suddenly forced to leave home and become a citizen of the real world? The answer to that question is *Being There's* single joke: no sooner does Chance venture out than he is mistaken for a philosopher, a sex symbol and a potential presidential candidate. The secret of his success is TV. Having been nurtured by the medium, Chance has all the attributes of a perfect TV star; he is bland, nonthreatening and always cheery. It is Kosinski's conceit that even a simpleton, if telegenic, has what it takes to be king in the land of the tube.

This point is brought home in a series of scenes built around the timeless farcical device of mistaken identity. For the gag to work repeatedly, the audience must believe that Chance is so completely blank that he could indeed seem to be all things to all the people he meets. Peter Sellers' meticulously controlled performance brings off this seemingly impossible task; as he proved in *Lolita*, he is a master at adapting the surreal characters of modern fiction to the naturalistic demands of movies. His Chance is sexless, affectless and guileless to a fault. His face shows no emotion except the beatific, innocent smile of a moron. His verbal repertoire consists only of mild pleasantries, polite chuckles and vague homilies about gardening. Sellers' gestures are so specific and consistent that Chance never becomes clownish or arch. He is convincing enough to make the film's fantastic premise credible; yet he manages to get every laugh.

The characters who mistake the hero's stupidity for wisdom are also finely drawn. Melvyn Douglas and Shirley MacLaine, as a dying right-wing industrialist and his wife, adopt Chance into their absurdly grandiose mansion and make repeated fools of themselves without ever losing their charm. Jack Warden is at his dryest as a befuddled U.S. President who mistakes Chance's non sequiturs for political profundities. *Being There* also features an almost Hogarthian selection of minor dupes. During the course of his odyssey, Chance manages to arouse the admiration or fear of Washington hostesses, a gay suitor, the Soviet ambassador, the FBI, the CIA and a book publisher who offers him a six-figure advance. Since Sellers' Chance, like the actor's Inspector Clouseau, is never aware of the chaos he unleashes, the hilarity increases exponentially. So does the ferocity of Kosinski's attack on television. Unlike Paddy Chayefsky's fatuous *Network*, *Being There* points up the true danger of the medium. Kosinski understands that TV does not make audiences "mad as hell" but instead reduces them to docile, passive children. If a benign dolt like Chance can unwittingly manipulate a nation of TV watchers, a telegenic villain could have a field day.

Director Ashby (*Shampoo, Coming Home*) so well understands Kosinski's aesthetic that he never has to spell out the movie's moral. This exquisitely timed film offers endlessly delicate variations on its single theme. Some scenes are classic. When Sellers tries to escape a real-life street gang by pushing a button on a remote-control channel selector, it is a brilliant exaggeration of the reflex every TV viewer uses to tune out reality. When the hero ignores MacLaine's bedroom advances to watch a kids' show, the impact of TV on American sexual appetites is reduced to its ultimate absurdity. MacLaine is worse off than a football widow—she's a *Mister Rogers* widow. Like his star, Ashby never reaches to pull off his best moments. If anything, he is too refined. With a bit more plot and a few accelerations in pace, *Being There* would be as perfectly realized a satire as *Dr. Strangelove*. Even so, it is hard to complain about a film whose only flaw is an excess of artistic integrity. — ***Frank Rich***

Misadventure

CUBA
Directed by Richard Lester
Screenplay by Charles Wood

Havana on the eve of revolution: Batista's people clinging to their corrupt ways; Castro's men closing in on the capital; and Sean Connery, as a soldier of fortune, flying in to try to help the government turn the tide. Sounds lively.

But right away, Connery spies his lost love, Brooke Adams. Then and there the picture goes blank. As blank as the lady's face, which Director Lester dwells on obsessively, as if fascinated by an actress who uses the same expression in all her scenes. Eventually, she leaves Connery. Her playboy husband (Chris Sarandon) womanizes blatantly while she runs the cigar factory, but she chooses to remain loyal to him even after his untimely demise—untimely because the audience would have felt well rid of him long ago.

Focusing on this listless triangle, Lester and Screenwriter Wood present as a dazzling insight into the smugness of power a scene showing Batista absorbed in a Christopher Lee vampire movie as Castro moves in for the kill. The decadence of Batista's supporters appears about as wild as that of the fast crowd in an Ohio country club, while Castro's revolutionaries behave like a hirsute Boy Scout troop. It is hard to believe that this dumb picture is the work of the director who did the delicious Three Musketeers movies. — ***Richard Schickel***

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Georges Seurat's *Gravelines Channel, Grand Fort-Philippe*, 1890

Whirling patterns in Paul Signac's *Portrait of Félix Fénéon*, 1890

Art

Old Masters of the Modern

At London's Royal Academy, a giant show of post-impressionism

If any single art show can be said to have saved the life of a financially troubled institution, it must be the display called "Post-Impressionism," which opened at London's Royal Academy in November and has been running to crowds at £2 a head ever since. In the months before the show, the Academy was rumored to be in such dire fiscal straits that it was going to have to sell its most famous possession, the Michelangelo *Tondo* of the Madonna and Child. Now it has been ransomed by the oldest form of modern art, a fact that is rich in historical irony since the Academy was the last bastion of "traditional" art to hold out against the encroachment of modernism. Long after the Museum of Modern Art in New York became a going concern, Royal Academicians like Sir Alfred Munnings were still rising over their port at Academy banquets to denounce Cézanne as a fumbler and Van Gogh as a crop-eared madman. No doubt their offended ghosts are gibbering in the courtyard at the thought of all of Burlington House being turned over to the largest exhibition of early modern art ever mounted in Great Britain, with nine Cézannes, 13 Van Goghs, 14 Gauguins, twelve Seurats—in all, 428 works by 169 painters, from 1880 to the early 1900s. They represent the very conception of culture that the Royal Academy, when such work was first seen in England before World War I, believed it was its mission to crush. If anyone still doubts that modernism is our academy, our official culture, here is the ocular proof of it.

It is right that this show should be held in London, since the word post-impressionism was invented there, and applied to the painting of the 1880s by Roger Fry, the English art critic, when he organized a sensationally vilified show of Manet, Van Gogh, Gauguin, Seurat, Cézanne and others at the Grafton Galleries in 1910. By then the painters that Fry's exhibition encircled were all dead, and his name for them was a last resort: he toyed with calling them "expressionists," luckily decided not to, and at last exclaimed, "Oh, let's just call them post-impressionists; at any rate, they came after the impressionists'" And so the word was born. It described nothing, but it indicated that after 1880, the *annus mirabilis* that saw the birth of modern art, there had been a general reaction against impressionism among younger European painters, sometimes even within the ranks of the impressionists themselves.

Edouard Vuillard's *Self-Portrait*, 1890

In a blaze of color, a turning hinge.

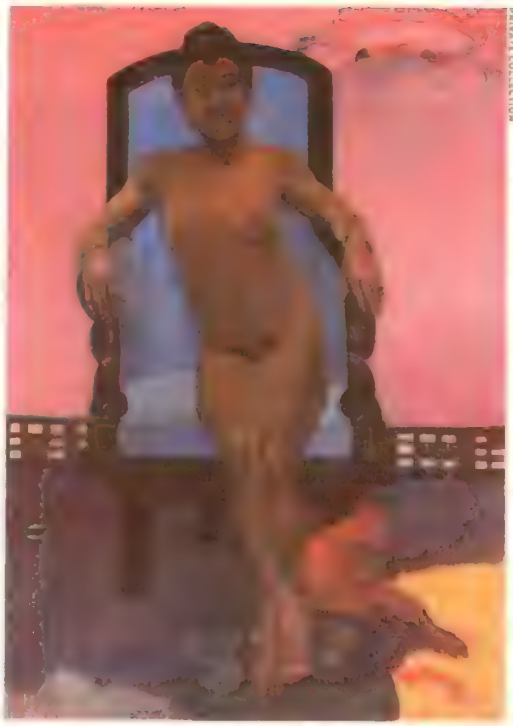
The organizers of this Royal Academy show, a team of scholars working under Art Historian Alan Bowness, have treated the period in an even vaguer way than Fry. There were retrograde as well as advanced currents in 1880s art, and many artists recoiled from impressionism, or were indifferent to it, instead of trying like Gauguin or Van Gogh to push beyond it. They are represented too, to the confusion of the term: if post-impressionism means not only Van Gogh's Arlesian canvases, in all their lambent color and twisting, linear energies, but also the eclectic products of a tonal impressionist like Jules Bastien-Lepage, with his soulful peasant girls in burlap, what can it mean? To what imaginable modernist context do the many *style rétro* canvases in this show belong—Giovanni Boldini's portrait of Mme. Max, for instance, or Albert Maignan's *Passage of Fortune*, 1895, with its gauze-veiled figure of Lady Luck bumping on her wheel down the steps of the Paris Bourse? In such respects, the show will do much to replace the "heroic" image of early modernism—the intransigents battling the Academy—with a cozier picture, in which *pompier* and avant-garde share the common ground of being figurative, of supplying comprehensible images to a public bored or intimidated by abstract art.

On the other hand, so wide a cast has its advantages. All art has a context in other art, and the advanced painting of the 1880s was no exception. Thus, to take only one example, one's understanding of the motives of the Pont-Aven painters, Paul Gauguin and the artists who gathered around him in Brittany—Emile Bernard, Maurice Denis, Paul Sérusier and others—can only be enriched by seeing

how their more traditional contemporaries dealt with the same subjects of Breton life. Brittany pervaded the salons of the 1880s. Its landscape of tight villages, stony shorelines, near primitive Christian rituals and crude effigies was visited by artist after artist, in the hope of finding not only good local color for genre scenes but plenty of metaphysical symbolism as well. "Atheist that I was," Bernard wrote of Brittany, "it made of me a saint. It was this Gothic Brittany which initiated me in art and God." And one can judge the intensity of the Nabis' desire for a new sort of pictorial symbolism by seeing Bernard's, Sérusier's or Gauguin's Pont-Aven paintings against the more ordinary *folklorique* images by now forgotten academicians like Emile Vernier or Alfred Guillou. Never before had French art experienced such a plague of nuns and innocent provincial virgins. The trend was neatly parodied by a journalist, Alphonse Allais, who in 1883 exhibited a perfectly blank sheet of white paper with the title *First Communion of Anemic Young Girls in the Snow*.

What was the anti-impressionist reaction of the 1880s all about? Partly, subject matter, the issue of what painting could express. Impressionism had been the art of the bourgeois paradise, naturalism unmodulated by idea. It had no content beyond the "view" ("Monet is only an eye," Cézanne said, "but good God, what an eye!"), no governing system of imagery, no symbols. To younger artists, it therefore seemed lax and unambitious. They wanted to return painting to a more demanding kind of diction —exemplary and grand, like the art of the museums. All manner of stylistic sources fed into their project: the abstracted allegories of Puvis de Chavannes, for instance, gave some cues to Gauguin, as did the formal outlining of Japanese cloisonné enamel: that bluish bounding line was the diametric opposite of impressionist blur and pulsation. The swirling abstract patterns in the background of Paul Signac's portrait of Critic Félix Fénéon—with its long portmanteau title, *Against the Enamel of a Background Rhythmic with Beats and Angles, Tones and Colors, Portrait of M. Félix Fénéon in 1890*—may have begun as a tiny detail of a kimono design in a Japanese print.

At all points the emphasis was on style, on the inherent artificiality of art, its inability to be confused with nature, and its newly declared aim, in Fénéon's words, of "decorating a rigid, rectangular surface." Others, like Maurice Denis, wanted to restore art to the primacy as religious utterance that it had enjoyed before the deluge of 1789: "Lord," Denis exclaimed in his diary in 1889—the year the Eiffel Tower, symbol of materialist progress, was built—"we are a group of young people, devotees of the symbol, misunderstood by a world which mocks us Mystics! Lord, I pray you, may our reign come!" The desire for coherent symbols —religious, mystical, anything but political—was as important a part of the early modernist program as the desire to purify art to flat patches of color on a flat surface.



PRIVATE COLLECTION

Sensuality freed in Gauguin's *Annah the Javanese*, 1893

Color as caricature in Paul Sérusier's *The Talisman*, 1888

Tight villages, Japanese outlines and an excess of nuns.

Gauguin wanted to make vast allegories of human fate; Edvard Munch, in Norway, elaborated an entire structure of symbolism to describe the inner world that Freud, in the 1890s, was beginning to approach through clinical means. Even styles that now seem symbolically neutral could be charged with unexpected meanings.

Nothing, one would think, could be addressed more purely to the eye than Seurat's divisionism, his way of analytically representing color and light by means of dots of pure pigment, stippled closely together. In front of a painting like *The Gravelines Channel, Grand Fort-Philippe*, 1890, one is conscious of nothing but the field of infinite nuances, the chalky light of the marine estuary, the artist's utter absorption in vision itself: this is one of the most exquisite paeans to the discriminatory power of the human eye ever to be set on canvas, far away, one would suppose, from the world of social affairs. And yet, thanks partly to the anarchist opinions of Seurat's disciple Paul Signac, and largely to the socialist convictions of Italian artists, divisionism as a style became a hallmark of radical opinion in Italy, the vehicle, not of pure nuance, but of huge political allegories like Giuseppe Pellizza's *The Fourth Estate*, 1901.

The show is rich in souvenirs and epigrams of the modernist imagination. Sérusier's little *Talisman* of 1888, for instance, with its plain flat patches of color that demonstrated so vividly to Denis and Bonnard that art should not be mere representation, but rather "a transposition, a caricature, the passionate equivalent of an experienced sensation"; or the 1890 self-portrait by Edouard Vuillard, done in brilliant polemical slabs of nonnaturalist color. But it is to the great paintings at the center of the exhibition that one returns, those hinges upon which art swung from the 19th century into the 20th, disclosing a new amplitude of color and form as it turned. Rarely does one get a chance to see a wall of Gauguins like the one in the Royal Academy, and the late paintings, such as *Annah the Javanese*, 1893, make one realize how complete was the liberation of feeling that went with the unfettering of post-impressionist color. The stocky, compact little body looks curiously unsensuous, at least by the conventions that Ingres or his salon followers would have recognized, but it is color that turns it into the epitome of carnality: the deep lunar blue of the chair enthroning the shadowed flesh, the sudden blaze of yellow on the floor. In such paintings, the world is re-formed entirely in terms of color. The way to Matisse and the Fauves is open. A new era has begun.

— **Robert Hughes**

People

Alfred Hitchcock, new K.B.E. in a "parfit gentil" mood

He always was an authoritarian film director and, on television, an acerbic mystery-show host. But advancing age has banked some of the old fire, and at 80, **Sir Alfred Hitchcock** is likely to be, as Chaucer put it, "a verray parfit gentil knight." Hitchcock's name as Knight Commander of the British Empire appeared on **Queen Elizabeth II's** New Year's honors list, the only show-biz personality knighted this year. Fittingly, he received formal notification of the honor at a ceremony in the commissary at Universal City Studios. Why, Hitchcock was asked, had it taken so long for Britain to honor such a distinguished son? Quipped Sir Hitch: "I suppose it was a matter of carelessness."

■

Given the choice, what dedicated runner would not prefer Adidas shoes to a funny hat on New Year's Eve, and water to champagne? That's why the midnight stroke of 1980 was also the signal for 1,648 runners to sprint away on an 8-km race through New York City's Central Park. Not surprisingly, the leader who cut the floodlit tape in 23 min. 15 sec. was Speedster **Bill Rodgers,** who has won his home town's Boston Marathon three times and the five-borough New York Marathon four. Said he: "If you've got 1,600 people running with you, it's a real good time."

■

After ten years, it has become a capital custom: the turn-of-the-year list of what's In and what's Out, compiled by Washington *Post* Fashion Editor **Nina S. Hyde.** Among this year's Ins: plain white sheets, **Mickey Mouse,** new rock, **Judith Krantz,** squash, grapefruit juice, **Jessica Savitch,** bright pink lipstick, Oxford shirts, marriage, **Paddington Bear,** diaphragms, **Ansel Adams,** cone-heel shoes, **Meryl Streep,** cotton undies, gay waiters, wood-burning stoves, **Bruce Springsteen** and brown eye shadow. Out: living together, **Billy Joel,** disco, blue eye shadow, **Elvis Costello,** the Pill, basketball, **Diane Keaton,** stiletto heels, **Irving Wallace,** T shirts, crock pots, **Snoopy,** cowboy boots, **Jane Pauley,** nylon undies, open shirts and **Mork.**

Parks with 1979 Queen Kylene Barker on his anniversary

"Theeeeere she is, Miss Ameeeerica." It won't be quite the same any more. **Bert Parks,** 65, for 25 years the mellow master of ceremonies whose rendition of that unguent ballad had become something of a late-summer tradition, has not been invited back for 1980's Miss America contest. Parks took the news hard: "I never thought they'd pull a trick like this. It's a little shabby, isn't it?" No reason was given for his ouster, nor was a successor announced. Some names have been dropped, such as those of Entertainer **John Davidson,** 38, as sincere as Bert but far younger, and Singer **Mac Davis,** 37.

Marathoner Bill Rodgers crossing the finish line on New Year's night

On the Record

Olivia de Havilland, 63, only star of the 1939 epic *Gone With the Wind* who is still living: "I think there is a great deal to be said for survivors, since I appear to be one."

Fred Friendly, media critic and former CBS News president, on TV programming: "The news is the one thing networks can point to with pride. Everything else they do is crap, and they know it."

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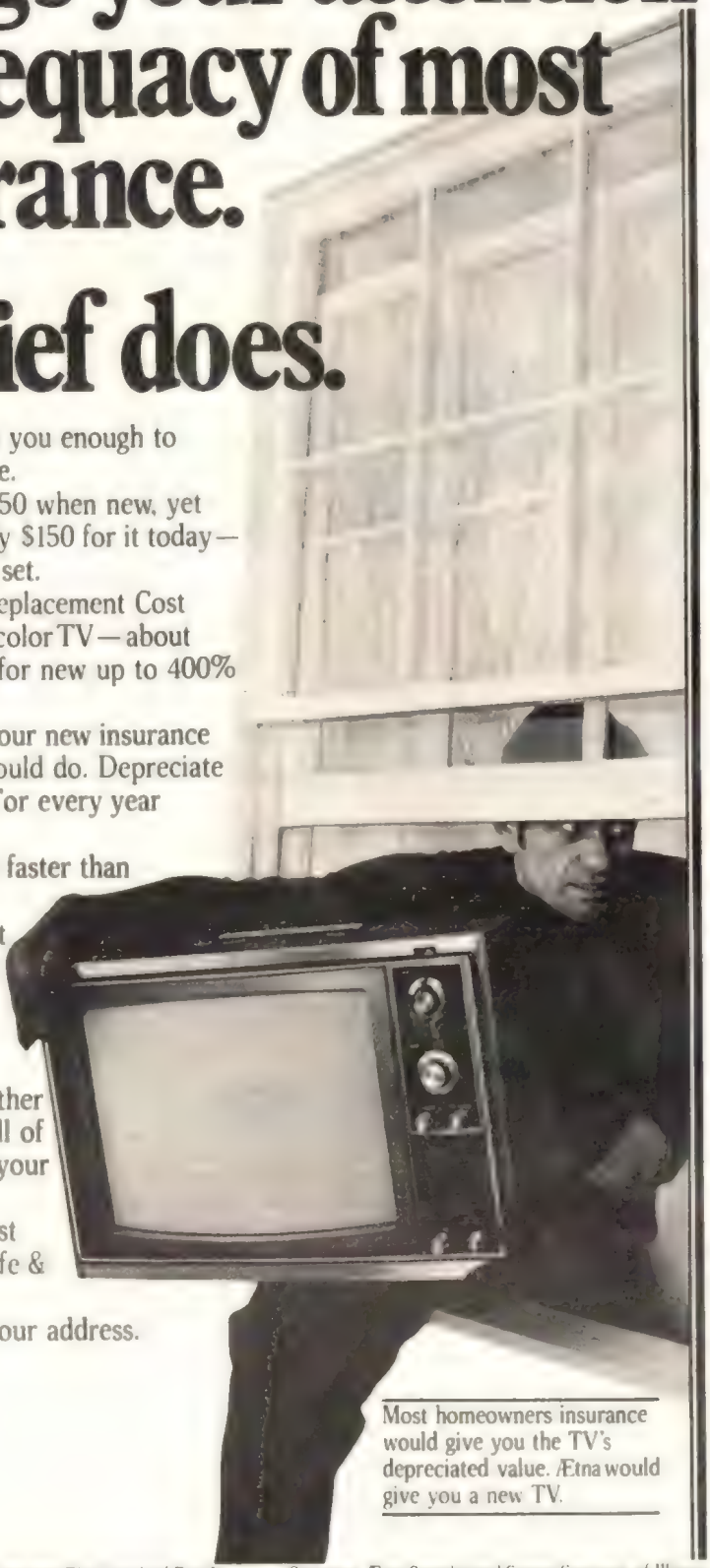

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Books

Blending Fantasy with Fact

Tracking Lincoln's murderer, Edward's jewels and other prey

Historical thrillers are the meatiest of all mysteries. They are connected to reality like funny bone to shoulder bone, insidiously subverting the official versions of history. Gore Vidal's *Burr*, for instance, and—more inventively—Nicholas Meyer's *The Seven-Per-Cent Solution* plausibly combine wit, suspense, speculation and scholarship. Novels like these not only induce insomnia but are also hallucinogenic, tingeing with fantasy the reader's remembrance of known fact.

For example: since Lincoln's assassination 115 years ago, scores of books have been written about the conspiracy and the characters surrounding it. None has dispelled the legend that the man who was tried and hanged for the crime, Actor John Wilkes Booth, was not the real murderer. *The Cosgrove Report* by G.J.A. O'Toole (Rawson, Wade; 424 pages; $12.95), though fictional, makes the strongest case yet that Booth escaped. This is not an easy task: the actor had one of the most familiar faces of his day. And yet . . .

The novel purports to be "the Private Inquiry of a Pinkerton Detective into the Death of President Lincoln," as edited and verified in recent years by another private investigator, Michael Croft, Colonel, U.S. Army (ret.). The Pinkerton man, a Jules Vernian character named Nicholas Cosgrove, has been retained by Secretary of War Edwin Stanton to investigate rumors of Booth's survival, three years after the murder. The Pink soon finds that the coffin in which J.W. Booth has been interred is empty. He also finds that Washington City, as it was then called, is a nest of intrigue and calumny. Even the greatest names are not free of suspicion. Cosgrove, posing as a salesman of a potent potion called Hostetter Bitters, works out of a safe house on K Street.

President Andrew Johnson, who had been Lincoln's Veep, is scurrilously rumored to have been privy to the conspiracy—and is facing impeachment over his "soft" policy toward the defeated South. Secretary Stanton is widely believed to have been implicated in the murder. So is General Ulysses S. Grant, by now a leading contender for the Republican nomination for the presidency. Politics aside, there are strong inducements for those involved to claim that the real Booth had been run to ground: not least, the $50,000 War Department reward for his capture. It is up to Cosgrove, largely on his own, to trace the actual circumstances of Lincoln's assassination, Booth's escape and supposed death after a twelve-day hunt, and the mysterious burial. The Pinkerton man, a former Union spy, leaves no headstone unturned tracking the actor, a onetime Confederate agent. It is a harrowing assignment, leading him to prod such sacred cows as Robber Baron Jay Gould and General Lafayette C. Baker, Lincoln's spymaster. By carriage, train, boat and balloon, Cosgrove stumbles on one denouement after another —though the last and most dramatic is supplied by Colonel Croft.

Novelist George O'Toole, a former CIA official and author of *An Agent on the Other Side*, follows sleuth and Booth with verve, humor and impressive scholarship. As he points out, "In the century that has passed since one of the most important single events in American history, not a single book written about it, traditionalist or revisionist, can be relied upon to be accurate, even as to details that should not be controversial, and which don't seem to have any sinister meaning." For lovers of the Learned Footnote, this may be one of the most edifying thrillers in years.

Even closer to history, and almost as footnoteworthy, is Robert Perrin's *Jewels* (Stein & Day; 269 pages; $9.95), a recreation of one of the century's greatest unsolved heists. To the vast displeasure of King Edward VII, to whom they belonged, the so-called Irish Crown Jewels vanished in 1907 from a safe in Dublin Castle, never to be recovered. The crowning insult was that the investigation threatened to embrangle Edward's brother-in-law, the playboy Duke of Argyll, in a homosexual scandal. As a result, the friends of Edward VII "perpetrated a cover-up that makes the Watergate Affair appear the work of backward children."

The plot, as Scotland Yard quickly discovered, was devised by a pair of dash-

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ing rascals who had first met during the Boer War. Captain Richard Howard Gorges, a raffish cavalry hero, was drummed out of his regiment for consorting with a Malay boy, and later joined the Royal Irish Regiment. His partner was Frank Shackleton, younger brother of Sir Ernest, the South Pole explorer. Frank tried desperately to float a get-rich scheme in Mexico. Shackleton also held an honorary post in Dublin Castle, where he became a protégé of Sir Arthur Vicars, fuss-budget guardian of the Hibernian sparklers. Between all-male orgies in the castle and AC-DC frolics at the *maison* of one Daisy Newman, the cash-strapped Englishmen cooked up a seemingly impossible scheme to spirit the gems to the Continent. There they were disassembled and recut. Another footnote: some of the stones could have been unwittingly reacquired by the royal family. Queen Elizabeth often wears a magnificent brooch containing at least a dozen white Brazilian diamonds that might once have belonged to her great-grandpa.

According to Author Perrin, a BBC journalist, only two minor characters in the book are fictional. His narrative, covering a 21-year span, captures the period with irony, authority and zest. Save for the delicious Daisy Newman, who used her loot to settle into suburban domesticity, virtually everyone who was directly or indirectly involved in the Edwardian caper came to a sad end, despite a noble battle by Sir Arthur Vicars

Lincolnologist G.J.A. O'Toole

In the footsteps of sleuth and Booth

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Books

Survivalist Charles Fox

Cope is a town where no one can

to clear his name. Indeed, his cause became so famous that a relative of Vicars, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, offered at one point to join the fray. Alas, his offer was refused, and Sherlock Holmes moved on to lesser crimes.

In time and geography, Cope, Idaho, is about as far as you can get from Lincolnian Washington or Edwardian Ireland. But *The Noble Enemy* (Doubleday, 384 pages; $12.50), set in that no-horse town, is also about death, deceit, love and survival. Charles Fox's novel adds a haunting, imaginative denouement to a news story from the Rockies in the 1960s.

Cope is an ironic name for the town in which almost no one can. Certainly Rick Coulter, the callow, phenomenally endowed local lothario, cannot. Nor can the enraged husbands and parents of his inamoratas. Nor can the bumbling posse that sets out to find a feuding quartet —Coulter, his buddy Mike Arizo, a cuckolded husband and his companion —trapped in the snowbound Rockies. Friend and foe are united, bind each other's wounds, curse as would-be rescuers pass over and around, unaware of their piteous fires and cries. After 41 days in the mountains, only Coulter survives. He becomes an instant hero, on *60 Minutes*, in LIFE and in the town. Gradually, the ole mountain boys begin to suspect what the reader already knows: the angry husband and his companion have been shot by Coulter. The engaging Mike Arizo has been left to die by the lecher. And the vigilantes begin to form. Wounded after a cruel snowmobile chase, Coulter has to face betrayal by the loving woman whose husband he killed. He manages to escape in a truck bound for California, where his talents may be more appreciated.

Fox, 39, an English-educated Californian, writes in a fashion reminiscent of

Van Tilburg Clark. His passages about the Mountain West and its mores, unforgiving nature, the meanness of small-town men, the sagacity of an oldtime sheriff, the vulnerability of neglected women, are powerful and occasionally lyrical. Describing the half-dead survivors, he writes: "After a while, the thin sound of two men singing poorly came from a shadow thrown by the moon on a canted field of snow, a thin sound rising up into the mountains that jostled imperceptibly around them. They sang to obscure this awful scale of time; they sang to obscure their fear; they sang in defiance; they sang to be worthy of love; they sang until they could sing no more." The town's sole motel is called the Ho-Hum. It is a term that will never be applied to this memorable first novel. — ***Michael Demarest***

Editors' Choice

FICTION: A Married Man, *Piers Paul Read* • Old Love, *Isaac Bashevis Singer* • On the Edge of the Cliff, *V.S. Pritchett* • Shikasta, *Doris Lessing* • Smiley's People, *John le Carré* • The Executioner's Song, *Norman Mailer* • The Ghost Writer, *Philip Roth*

NONFICTION: Charmed Lives, *Michael Korda* • J.M. Barrie & the Lost Boys, *Andrew Birkin* • The Duke of Deception, *Geoffrey Wolff* • The Falcon and the Snowman, *Robert Lindsey* • The Right Stuff, *Tom Wolfe* • The Russian Empire, *Chloe Obolensky* • White House Years, *Henry Kissinger*

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. Memories of Another Day, *Robbins (3 last week)*
2. Smiley's People, *Le Carré (6)*
3. Jailbird, *Vonnegut (1)*
4. Triple, *Follett (2)*
5. The Establishment, *Fast (5)*
6. The Last Enchantment, *Stewart (4)*
7. Sophie's Choice, *Styron (9)*
8. Top of the Hill, *Shaw*
9. The Executioner's Song, *Mailer (8)*
10. Portraits, *Freeman*

NONFICTION

1. The Brethren, *Woodward & Armstrong*
2. Aunt Erma's Cope Book, *Bombeck (1)*
3. White House Years, *Kissinger (2)*
4. James Herriot's Yorkshire, *Herriot (4)*
5. Cruel Shoes, *Martin (5)*
6. Serpentine, *Thompson (3)*
7. The Complete Scarsdale Medical Diet, *Tarnower & Baker (7)*
8. How to Prosper During the Coming Bad Years, *Ruff (8)*
9. The Right Stuff, *Wolfe (6)*
10. Restoring the American Dream, *Ringer*

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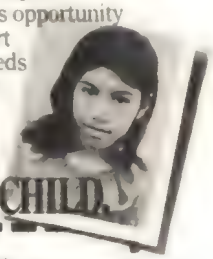

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Music

Sounds for a Winter Night

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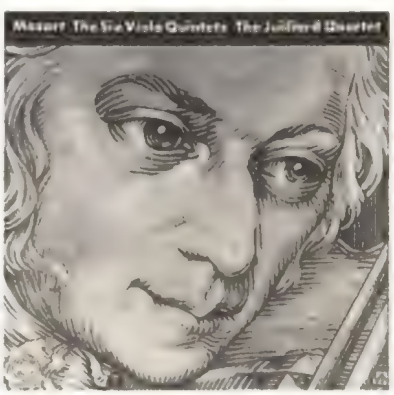
Mozart: The Six Viola Quintets (Juilliard Quartet with John Graham, second viola, Columbia; 3 LPs). The best complete set of these masterpieces since the recording by the Budapest Quartet with Walter Trampler. The playing is supple and urgent, fully equal to the symphonic sweep of the great C major quintet as well as the tragic stoicism of the G minor. What it sometimes misses is the mystery of Mozart's luminous, godlike simplicity. But then that is the quality in Mozart that Artur Schnabel described as "too easy for children and too difficult for artists."

Strauss: Four Last Songs; Orchestral Songs (Soprano Kiri Te Kanawa, London Symphony Orchestra, Andrew Davis conductor, Columbia). The early items included here were written in the 1890s; the famous *Four Last Songs*, incredibly, date from half a century later, in 1948, when the 84-year-old Strauss roused himself to compose shimmering valedictories to nature, life and in effect to the 19th century. Te Kanawa's singing, with its creamy tones and long, effortlessly soaring phrases, is simply ravishing.

Beethoven: The Five Middle Quartets (Cleveland Quartet, RCA; 4 LPs). As if to mark its artistic coming of age, this ten-year-old group is moving impressively through that phonographic rite of passage for string quartets, a Beethoven cycle. The dramatic works in this installment burst the molds of classicism and prepare the way for the somber spirituality of the last quartets. The performances—strong and probing—capture the paradox of the quartet form: a cohesive ensemble but seemingly spontaneous individual voices.

Bartók: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 and 2 (Maurizio Pollini, Chicago Symphony, Claudio Abbado conductor, Deutsche Grammophon). Pollini has had a banner year on disc, issuing fine performances of a staple of the repertory (Beethoven's Third Concerto) as well as an avant-garde experiment (Luigi Nono's . . . *sofferte onde serene* . . .). This set—modernist but accessible—falls happily in-between. Bartók's angular octaves and Hungarian folk rhythms tempt many pianists to turn into percussionists. Pollini achieves a biting authority without ever banging.



Johann Christian Bach: Six Symphonies, Op. 3 (Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, Neville Marriner conductor, Philips). Marriner has made more than 200 recordings with this London chamber orchestra, most of them in the pre-1800 repertory and quite a few of them models of punctilious, shapely interpretation. Never more so than here. These modest works by Bach's youngest son are lively, economical and flowering with the charm of a style that is well along the path leading from his august father to Mozart.

Berlioz: Béatrice et Bénédict (Mezzo Janet Baker, Tenor Robert Tear, Soprano Christiane Eda-Pierre, John Alldis Choir, London Symphony Orchestra, Colin Davis conductor, Philips; 2 LPs). In his final work, the ailing Berlioz took Shakespeare's *Much Ado About Nothing* and made it into his own *Tempest*, a blend of wit, ardor and gentle sadness bathed in the amber light of a late Parisian afternoon. The opera may be better heard than seen, since its extended passages of French dialogue make it problematical to stage; certainly it is a pleasure in this buoyant, graceful version by Davis, with Baker as a captivating Béatrice.

Bach: Magnificat. Stravinsky: Symphony of Psalms (Deutsche Oper Chorus, Berlin Philharmonic, Herbert von Karajan conductor, Deutsche Grammophon). This is an apt pairing: a monument of the Baroque and a modern masterpiece whose liturgical austerity looks back to precedents in the Baroque and earlier. Karajan's Bach, velvety and well turned, may not be for purists, but the Stravinsky seems

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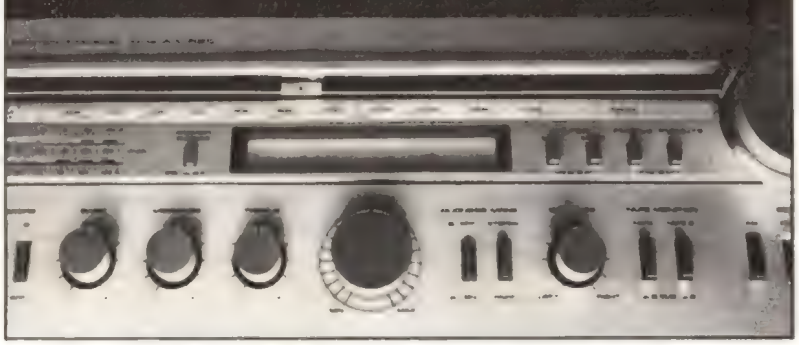

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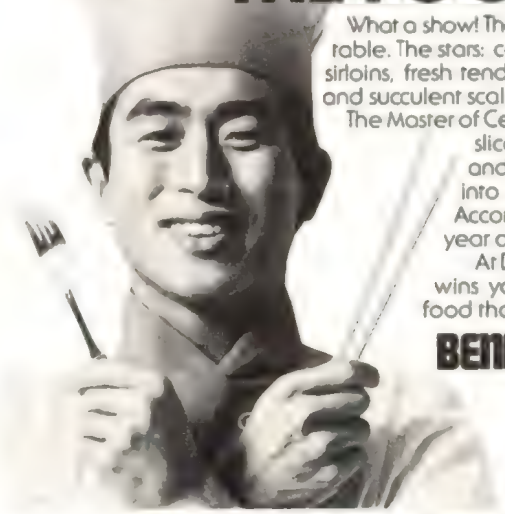

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Music

just right, with its tart syncopations dancing beneath a lustrous choral hymn of praise.

Mozart: Don Giovanni (Baritone Bernd Weikl and Bass-Baritone Gabriel Bacquier, Sopranos Margaret Price and Sylvia Sass, London Opera Chorus, London Philharmonic, Sir Georg Solti conductor. London: 4 LPs). "Summer lightning made audible" was Shaw's metaphor for this miraculous score, and it serves well to describe Solti's performance—swift, dramatic, deft. The tragic hints in the work are systematically underplayed; the elegant comic surface remains unbroken. Colin Davis' 1974 recording, with its darker moods and more muscular texture, still provides a compelling alternative reading. But the splendid cast and Solti's conducting make this set at least the equal of any now available.

P.D.Q. Bach: Black Forest Bluegrass (Vanguard). Composer Peter Schickele's latest burlesque features *Blaues Gras*, a hilarious collision between a stately 18th century cantata and some mean pickin' and strummin'. It just shows what Spike Jones could have done if he had gone to Juilliard

Busoni: The Six Sonatinas for Piano (Paul Jacobs, Nonesuch). **Frederick Rzewski: Song and Dance. John Harbison: The Flower-Fed Buffaloes** (Speculum Musicae, John Harbison conductor, Nonesuch). These two discs exemplify the fare that tiny, enterprising Nonesuch has been putting out for 15 years, a mixture of the unhackneyed traditional and the contemporary. The Rzewski-Harbison set—fresh, interesting chamber works by two Americans in their 40s—is the latest in a long line of contemporary composers on the label, including Elliott Carter, Morton Subotnik and George Crumb. Last month Nonesuch's guiding spirit, Teresa Sterne, was dismissed and its future sessions canceled by the parent company, Elektra/Asylum (owned in turn by Warner Communications). Ominously, it now appears that many worthy scores may go unrecorded if the label is in the grip of those to whom the real score is the balance sheet.

— Christopher Porterfield

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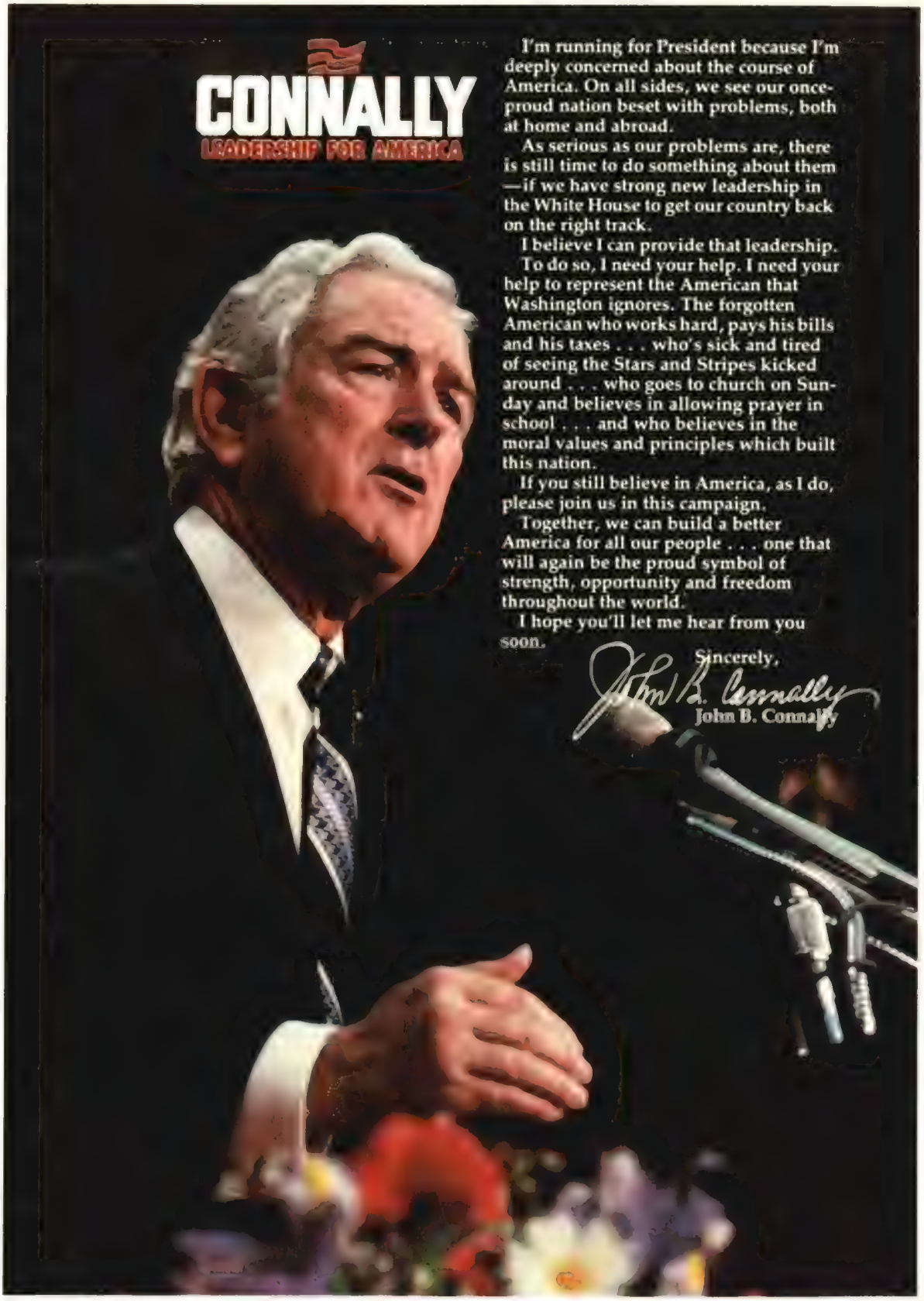

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He Sent Them Away Humming

Richard Rodgers: 1902-1979

"When the lyrics are right, it's easier for me to write a tune than to bend over and tie my shoelaces," Richard Rodgers once remarked. Many composers would have been happy to tie Rodgers' shoes for him if only they had been able to fill them. He could write anything, and to order and to suit. When Oscar Hammerstein II handed him the lyric for *Bali Ha'i*, Rodgers studied it for a moment, then turned the typed page over, retired to the next room and five minutes later came back with the completed melody, one of his most haunting.

Thanks to such facility, Rodgers left an unparalleled catalogue of popular music when he died last week at 77. *I Could Write a Book*, the title of one of his songs, aptly expresses the feelings of anybody setting out to list his accomplishments. Among Rodgers' 1,000-odd compositions, most of them for Broadway, there were straight ballads like *My Funny Valentine* and *It Might as Well Be Spring;* cascading waltzes like *Hello, Young Lovers* and *The Most Beautiful Girl in the World;* invigorating romps like *Mountain Greenery* and *June Is Bustin' Out All Over*. But the individual songs were only a part of his achievement. He and his lyricists, principally Lorenz Hart and Hammerstein, wove these numbers into increasingly coherent plots, transforming the traditional hotchpotch of musical comedy into unified musical theater. If Rodgers had written nothing else but *Pal Joey* and *Oklahoma!*, his penultimate collaboration with Hart and his first with Hammerstein, he would still have had an indelible influence on the genre.

Always an innovator, Rodgers liked to introduce surprising harmonic complexities. But his melodies had an unfailingly natural flow and simplicity that, in retrospect, seemed like inevitability. Many were built on the basic steps of the scale (*My Romance, Dancing on the Ceiling*) or returned repeatedly to the same note or notes while varying the patterns in between (*Isn't It Romantic?, The Blue Room*). Behind such simplicity lay a subtle craft.

Descended from Russian immigrants, Rodgers used to say that his original family surname was so long that not even he knew just what it was. His father was a well-to-do New York physician who took the family to operas and musicals and liked to sing the scores at home; his mother was an amateur pianist. By the time he was four, Richard could pick out melodies on the family piano. He scarcely bothered with lessons.

At 19, having contributed some songs to a Broadway show, Rodgers dropped out of Columbia University to compose musicals full time. For the next few years he got nowhere. Considering himself a failure at 22, he was about to take a job as a salesman for children's underwear when he was asked to write a one-shot benefit for the Theatre Guild. From this emerged *The Garrick Gaieties*, which ran on Broadway for six months and contained Rodgers' first hit song, *Manhattan*. He was on his way. Within two years he had five more shows on Broadway, and suddenly was a young lion in New York and London society.

If he had a problem as his career progressed, it was also his greatest asset: Collaborator Hart. Only 5 ft. tall, Hart scorned the button-down conventionality of Rodgers' dress and habits. His working hours were random, his zest for alcohol great. He was a mordant wit, a sophisticated prosodist and a devilish rhymer. As Rodgers wrote of him later: "His lyrics knew that love was not especially devised for boy and girl idiots of 14." For years, radio stations would not play Hart's original version of *Bewitched, Bothered and Bewildered*, in which the demiheroine sings of that bum Pal Joey:

Couldn't sleep,
wouldn't sleep,
until I could sleep
where I shouldn't sleep . . .

When, by 1942, Hart had become too erratic to work (and shortly thereafter died), Rodgers teamed up with Hammerstein. Where Hart was tiny and mercurial, Hammerstein was a steady, shambling giant. Rodgers' music would never again have quite the worldly insouciance that it took on from Hart. With Hammerstein's influence it displayed more foursquare feeling and social consciousness. As Rodgers put it later: "Oscar was more sentimental, and so the music had to be more sentimental." Oscar was also more dedicated to Rodgers' principle that every song in a show should be fitted to the character. In this spirit, the pair created such epoch-making works as *Oklahoma!, Carousel, South Pacific, The King and I* and *The Sound of Music*, all within 16 years.

After Hammerstein's death in 1960, Rodgers wrote shows with other lyricists, notably Stephen Sondheim, and even tried his own hand at words as well as music. While none of these efforts matched his earlier successes, he seemed to bask in a golden time of life. Honors rained on him (along with an estimated $100 million in royalties). He and his wife Dorothy, a decorator and writer, collected art, engaged in philanthropies, appeared at virtually every social happening or Broadway opening. His only setbacks were physical. In 1955 he had been operated on for cancer of the jaw. In his last years he had a serious heart attack and underwent a laryngectomy, which forced him to learn to talk in a hoarse croak. But, typically, he soon returned to work at the grand piano in his Madison Avenue office. His final show was last year's musical adaptation of *I Remember Mama*, which, although a flop, testified to his indomitable energy.

His seemingly spontaneous outpourings belied a sustained discipline, as he readily acknowledged: "It's the result of years of living, of study and reading, of personality and temperament. At one particular moment all these come together and the artist 'expresses' himself." For Rodgers, they all came together with dazzling frequency. ■

HENRY GROSSMAN

Master of the Broadway musical: Composer Rodgers in 1975

Just five minutes in the next room to dash off Bali Ha'i.

Waiting for the Big One

Let it snow, let it snow, let it snow

No snow. Bootprints squished into the side-yard mud on a warm day two weeks ago are still there, fossilized, sandy brown, ugly to look at and awkward to walk across. The detritus of the fall season —a ruptured garden hose, a squashed tennis-ball can, a broken-off ax handle thrown away in a fury—surrounds the house as such junk always does in New England at this time of year. But the lovely, deceitful covering of snow that should hide it all until April, that should lead the eye across the sloping ground of the pasture, then into the woods beyond, has accomplished the ultimate deceit by not falling out of the sky. The car rumbles by on the dirt road in front of the house, and its wheels churn thick whirls of dust.

No snow. Not anywhere in New England, except for the stuff manufactured by desperate ski-area operators, at a cost exceeding that of fine carpeting. It is a clear, cold day in January, and the early morning light glows on the hills and mountains. Beautiful, but there is a wrongness to the look and feel of things. There is too much brown in the landscape, too much detail. Snow brings blues and purples, edits out corn stubble and fallen leaves, turns a landscape into a line drawing. Its severity is what this fine January light should be explicating.

No snow, bygod, since the four to five inches that fell in middle December. What we have had in Vermont and New Hampshire is a forlorn alternation of warm rain and iron cold. Since it is cold now, we go skating. Most of us are not very good at it. Some of the girls and women have had figure-skating lessons, and some men played hockey in school, but in well-behaved years the frozen lakes have three feet of snow on them, and so we are skiers, not skaters. I am conscious of resembling, as I skate, a bishop who has drunk too much at a garden party and is trying to appear sober. I totter along for miles, fascinated, accompanied by a dog who skates no better than I do and an assistant dog who loses control of her hindquarters when she tries to turn. We reach a cove where three boys skate in a big, shifting triangle, rattling a hockey puck across the ice from vertex to vertex.

But there is no snow. Winter has forgotten its lines. On damp, gray days at the beginning of December we said to each other, "It's coming" and "Looks like we're in for it," pretending to be worried at the approach of the first northeaster of the season. The fact is that everyone welcomes the melodrama of a big snowstorm. It is not just the sounds of the town and the highway that are hushed. The raging of ego and the clank of ambition are stilled at least for a while.

When snow has piled chest high against the front door, when entire automobiles are buried, when Labrador retrievers submerge and reappear like porpoises, when it takes ten minutes of lunging to get from house to mailbox (a journey undertaken not to collect the mail but to establish the immensely satisfying fact that the storm is muscular enough to have prevented the mail from arriving) —when all of this has occurred, and snow is still falling, then money worries vanish, rabid teen-agers turn reasonable, and mid-life crisis disappears like spit on a griddle. No one thinks about clamoring politicians or the decaying dollar. Formerly sulky husbands perform astonishing feats of snowblowing, and formerly whiny wives produce marvelous flapjack-and-bacon breakfasts. Everyone is blissful. No one can be expected to get to work, and it is perfectly O.K. to stay home, snug and snowed-in.

On the other hand, an astonishing number of sturdy souls do reach their stores and offices, where they preen shamelessly in the knowledge that they are heroes. Citizens who own four-wheel-drive vehicles circulate proudly, like victorious tank commanders after a battle. There is a lot of semimalicious doing of good deeds. To pull a neighbor's mired car out of deep snow satisfies base instinct, and to hook a logging chain to a neighbor's bogged four-wheel-drive truck and twitch it free sets up resonances of gloating that will persist for a decade.

No snow to mire cars, make heroes manifest, to wall out dread reality. No money in town, either. New England communities that once survived fairly well by passing one five-dollar bill slowly from hand to hand are now hooked on winter tourism, which means skiing. Half the town, it seems, is out of work—lift operators, snow groomers, ski instructors, equipment salesmen, bartenders, waitresses and cooks. These people owe money to the other half of town, and even if it snows two feet tonight (looks like snow, it's coming, we're in for it), the ski season will be a big loser. It is time to start passing that five-dollar bill around. Does anybody have one?

SANDY HUFFAKER

Still it does not snow. The days pass, and the mountains lit by that fine January light are as brown as they were in November. At Lake Placid, there is man-made snow on the ski jumps and the alpine trails set up for the Olympic Games, and worried officials are trying to find a way to cover the cross-country courses with machine-made snow. Could the drought last into February? If it does, there will be problems worse than the possibility of a bob-tailed Olympics. With each clear, cold day, frost in the Northeast sinks deeper into the ground. Unless there is an insulating blanket of snow, water mains and house connections will start freezing. New Englanders will be brushing their teeth with gin, and in New Hampshire the state liquor stores do not give credit.

This sorry winter will pass into legend, of course. In some snow-clogged January to come—perhaps even the snow-clogged end of this dusty and confounding January—when the car won't start and the snowblower has broken a shear pin and the school bus has not arrived to drag the kids off and leave the adults in peace, it may even look good. Meanwhile, it is time for desperate measures, and they are being taken. In North Sutton, N.H., the Kearsarge Inn and Country Club is advertising that its golf course, normally used by cross-country skiers at this time of year, is open for golf. Weather, it need not be added, permitting.

— *John Skow*

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